

The AMERICAN GIRL

November
1955 · 25¢





CHIQUITA'S Fascinating Facts ABOUT BANANAS

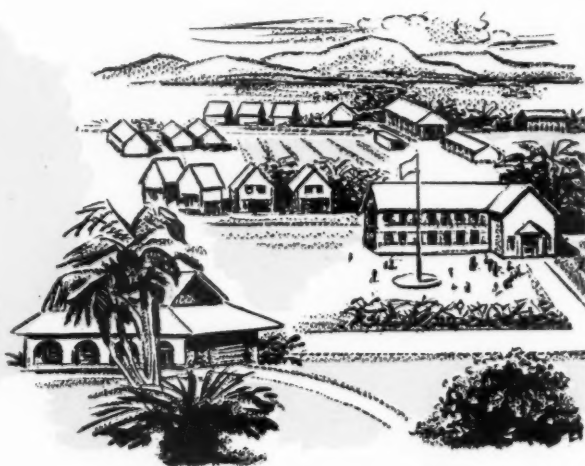
AN EARLY SETTLER

BANANAS WERE INTRODUCED TO THE NEW WORLD BY SPANISH MISSIONARIES NOT LONG AFTER COLUMBUS. TODAY, CENTRAL AMERICA IS THE LARGEST PRODUCING AREA IN THE WORLD.



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By Marjorie Vetter

Books

Adventure in Store. By HELEN MILLER SWIFT. Longmans, Green, \$3.00. Backed by her Aunt Kay, a successful buyer, Joan Peters wins reluctant permission to postpone her decision about college and the singing career her mother has planned for her until she has tried store work for a year. Joan does a dogged bit of job hunting and manages at last to find a place at Crane's, an exclusive Boston store. Here a selfish, ruthless girl, Barbara Russell, comes into her life not only as a rival at the store but also for the attentions of George, a brash Air Force cadet and Mike, the young store executive with a fine voice, with whom Joan has much in common. Joan's year gives her inside knowledge of the many facets of fashion merchandising on which to base her decision about a career and also a broader, more mature appreciation of people and values. Helen Miller Swift has training and wide experience in this field. Her book presents an informative picture of retailing and fashion merchandising which should interest girls who are making up their minds about vocations.

I'll Know My Love. By PEARL BUCKLEN BENTEL. Longmans, Green and Co., \$3.00. "I am going to be an actress and go to America," twelve-year-old Sirkka vowed solemnly on a happy midsummer night in Finland. In September, waves of Russian bombers roared over her country. Her home was bombed; her father was killed defending the city. Through the dangers and hardships of two wars and the privations of the uneasy peace, she held to her dream with a singleness of mind and purpose nothing could shake. When she and her mother, as refugees, were being settled in Helsinki, Sirkka was given a copy of "Tom Sawyer," which had come in a relief package from Ohio. The book challenged her to learn English, though it was five years before she felt proficient enough to write a letter of thanks to the address on the flyleaf. All this time she was working and studying, taking small parts on a radio program, winning a place for herself as one of only twelve pupils to be admitted to the single dramatic school in Finland. Her thank-you letter to America was the beginning of a correspondence with a warmhearted woman she came to call "Mother Anna." Mother Anna obtained a scholarship for Sirkka at an American dramatic school and so at long last her dream came true. In America the generous friendliness of the people impressed her as much as the tall buildings, the restless hustle and bustle, the abundant and varied food in the markets. Here too she was unstinting in her work to perfect her acting technique. A young and talented director offered her his heart and an opportunity for a future on the American stage. It was breathtaking, but the homeland tugged at her heart, too, and the thought of a boy back home. In the face of this big decision, would she "know her love"? The Finnish word *sisu* means that quality which comes to men in times of stress to make them do the impossible. Sirkka had it and it makes her story an inspiring one. The author's understanding and admiration of Finland and the Finns give this novel a warm, moving quality that will linger in the hearts of her readers.

(Continued on page 60)

I Was a Chubby Little High School Girl ...Now I'm a Popular Teen-age Model



And you'll have lots more fun, too. You'll find all the "know-how" in my new book, just published:

Not so long ago, when I was 15—I was fat, with thick legs and an oversize waistline. Then, when I decided to become a model, I had to practically make myself over!

In changing myself from a girl who just slopped along to a girl who had to look her best at all times—I discovered plenty about good looks, grooming and personality.

Believe you me—those glamour routines really pay off! They did for me, and I guarantee that if you follow them they will make you look prettier.

You'll find all the "know-how" in my new

Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE

This is not a book for your mother or your grandmother. It is written especially for YOU. It shows how you can be more attractive, have more fun with the crowd you pal around with, get more dates, be at your best at proms and parties, and enjoy the life of a teen.

Here you will find all the secrets of smartness and good grooming that Betty Cornell learned when she became a teen-age model. You will see how YOU can develop YOUR beauty and charm and popularity by following the suggestions Betty Cornell gives you. For example:

YOUR FIGURE

What to eat to lose weight; to gain weight.
The truth about between-meal nibbling.
Advice to Lazy Lili who can't get up in time for breakfast.
Bringing lunch to school—what to pack, what to leave out.
Warning to girls who BUY lunch, and how to steer clear of danger.
How to keep family dinners from ruining your figure.
How to eat at a party.

YOUR SKIN

What to do about blotchy skin.
How to get rid of pimples, blackheads and hickies.
How to apply cleansing cream.
What to do if you have oily skin, dry skin, or skin that is part oily, part dry.

YOUR HAIR

How to get sheen and gloss into your hair.
How to get rid of dandruff.
Brushing your hair the way models do.
Shampooing your hair.
How to set your hair.
How to choose your most flattering hair style.
How to be known as a girl with beautiful hair.

YOUR MAKEUP

The most important thing about makeup.
Little tricks that keep makeup from looking obvious.
How to apply powder base and powder.
What to do about rouge.
Proper way to apply lipstick.
Don't be silly about eye makeup.
How to have pretty hands.
How to apply nail polish.

MODELING TRICKS

What makes a model look so straight and tall.
How to stand "In one line."

How to walk gracefully, with fluid movement.

How to look lovely while dancing.
The secret of standing with one foot at a right angle to the other.
What to do with your hands when you stand or sit.
How to photograph well.

YOUR GROOMING

Your best insurance against being pushed out of the social swim.
Tips on bathing and use of deodorants.
"How nice you smell."
To shave legs and underarms, or not to shave.
Do teens need a girldie?
Should a teen wear a bra?
Suggestions on stockings, underwear, accessories.

YOUR CLOTHES

How the eye can be fooled.
When to choose clothes with wrap-around lines, slim lines, pleated lines, gored lines, diagonal lines, or radiating lines.
What colors are becoming if you are brunettes, blonde, redhead, or in-between.
How clothes should be related with skin color.
Picking clothes to suit your personality.
Clothes that mix and match.
How not to be "out-dated."

PARTIES, DATES AND FORMALS

What to do and say to put your date at ease.
Blind dates—should you accept or refuse them?
Petting—yes or no?
Going formal; how to be poised, polished and pretty.
Week-ends away from home.
How to be "the hostess with the mostest" when you're giving a party.
The Table—at it and on it.

YOUR PERSONALITY

How to keep from folding up when the social whirl slows to a standstill.
How to make yourself more attractive to others.
How to develop your own personality and "make like an individual."
Don't get a "crowd complex."
How to put your best self forward and have fun.



FREE

5-DAY TRIAL

See for yourself how much you can benefit from the honest advice and smart tips in Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE. Read this wonder-working book for 5 days—then either return it and pay nothing, or keep it and send only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage and \$1.00 a month until the low price of only \$3.95 is paid. Mail coupon NOW to get your free-trial copy.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., DEPT. 5013-P1
ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, NEW JERSEY

Please send me Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE POPULARITY GUIDE. After giving it a sincere trial for five days, if I am not satisfied I may return the book to you and pay nothing. Otherwise I will send only \$1.95 plus a few pennies for postage and packing, and \$1.00 a month until the low price of only \$3.95 is paid.

Name _____

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SAVE! Send \$3.95 WITH THIS COUPON, and we will pay shipping charges. Same return privilege—your money back if you are not thrilled and delighted with this book.



If you wish blemishes would go away...and stay away start regular NOXZEMA care today!

You'd be a new girl, if you could clear up those teen-age skin problems... have a party-pretty complexion every day in the week! And you can... with Noxzema's help.

Really Fast-Acting

Noxzema contains five medicinal ingredients that work day and night for you to help clear up those unattractive blemishes*...help keep your skin looking fresh and clear. And regular Noxzema care helps protect against future blemishes,* too!

Here's all you do: Morning and night, smooth it on, wash it off with a wet face cloth. It's *greaseless*, cleans thoroughly like soap—but doesn't leave your skin feeling dry and tight.

Works Round the Clock

At night, smooth on Noxzema, patting a little extra on blemishes.* Use it in the morning to help soften and protect your skin all day. Noxzema's

fresh, clean fragrance disappears as Noxzema vanishes into your skin. Your very first jar will show you why Noxzema is preferred 11 to 1 over anything else for blemishes.*

A Beauty Cream, Too

Noxzema is *more* than a blemish cream, it's a beauty cream, too. Works fast and safely to help give you the naturally lovely look of a healthy skin. Buy a jar today—and save!

*externally-caused

Big
\$1 size
only 69¢
plus tax



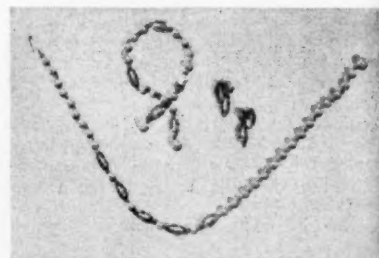
At all drug, cosmetic counters.
Limited time only.

© 1955 Noxzema Chemical Company

Teen shop talk



Definitely designed for holiday giving. On the front cover, night-before-Christmas scenes all through the house; on the back, an excerpt from the famous poem; inside... under a to-and-from space... Prince Matchabelli's Potpourri and Rose colognes; \$1,* Hudson's, Detroit



This is the stuff glamour is made of... Pearls with an almost-real look peeping out of a golden cage... the smart "drop" features on bracelet and earrings... a delicate, matching motif. Beautiful holiday thoughts by Coro; \$3* for set, \$1* each. Gimbels, New York 1



Dainty as an old-fashioned nosegay... Porcelain cup and saucer, no bigger than the palm of your hand, filled with a sachet of rose petals... all tied together with ribbon and posy sprig; \$1.25, Margaret Lipman, Dept. AG, 68-37 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills, N. Y.

NOVEMBER, 1955

Order items directly from addresses listed. Enclose check or money order. Refund guaranteed on all nonpersonalized items that are returned within seven days.

The little-boy look for big girls... A newly slimmed bow tie in practically any color grosgrain you can think of, ready-tied, and backed with collar grip. Two for \$1, includes any two hand-screened initials on each. Insignia Mart, Dept. AG, 703 Broadway, New York 3



A cook's tour with adventures in good eating. Better Homes and Gardens Junior Cook Book, ring-bound, tab-indexed, and beautifully illustrated with step-by-step recipes... The very thing for the novice who "can't even boil water." \$2.95 at better book counters



For the man who's going places, a gift of beautiful toiletries... and no feminine nonsense about it. After-shave lotion and soap in a black taffeta-finish vinyl bag. (Room for lots of extras, too.) The clean citrus tang by Jean Naté: \$2.40 (includes tax); Dayton's, Minneapolis



*Please add 10% federal tax

THE AMERICAN GIRL



WUNDIES

BRA-SLIP*...

first ever designed for subteens

Be first to own the first subteen bra-slip made just for you by Wundies. Without boning for complete comfort... wear it strap or strapless — it always stays up! Elasticized back and molded bra offer firm support recommended by medical authorities. Guaranteed washable 100% nylon that needs no ironing... in sizes 8-14 subteen... only **\$3.98**. *Patent Pending

At the following stores:

Hartford	G. Fox	Portland	Meier & Frank
Chicago	Marshall Field	Los Angeles	Bullocks
Dallas	A. Harris	New York	Bloomingdale's
			Woodward & Lothrop
			Washington, D.C.

For the store in your city, write: Wundies, Inc., 112 W. 34th St., N. Y. 1, N. Y.



social splendor

... the authentic Sari look out of the East in an oriental gold print on elegant silk and cotton - PIMASILK by WIDDER ... the sophisticated, fashion-wise surplice neckline - the favored and chic long torso ... the bewitching party beauty for that special Holiday event.

In lacquer red or India teal
Semiteen sizes 8-14. About \$1100

At Stern Bros., New York
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney,
St. Louis

The Outlet Co., Providence

The Bon Marche, Seattle
and at fine stores everywhere.

For information write to

Riegel & Dechter, Inc.

520 Eighth Ave., New York 18

November 1955

The AMERICAN GIRL

For all girls—Published monthly by Girl Scouts of the U. S. A.

Fiction

- 13 The Slamming Door, *Janet Roberts*
- 16 First Prize, *Roselee Rockman*
- 22 Tired Hands, *Janet Hall*
- 30 The Water Witch (Part V), *Annette Turngren*

Nonfiction

- 18 Let's Discover America: Gold—a god—and a princess, *Laura Vitray*
- 20 Plan for a Second Date!, *Rainey Heard Williams*
- 21 Play Basketball for Fun!, *Geraldine Roberts*
- 32 Cooking with Judy, Readers' recipes, *Alice C. Sanderson*

Fashion and good looks

- 4 Teen Shop Talk, *Jonni Burke*
- 24 Beauty Timetable, *Glynn*
- 25 Window Shopping
- 34 Holiday Mood (patterns)

Features

- 3 Books, *Marjorie Vetter*
- 29 By You
- 42 A Penny for Your Thoughts
- 47 Speaking of Movies, *Bertha Jancke Lueck*
- 54 All Over the Map
- 56 Adventures in Service, *Goldie McGirt*
- 59 Crossword Puzzle, *Dr. Harry Langman*
- 65 Jokes



Walter Shandoha

Cover

The pert pups on the cover are Miniature Schnauzers — but you might just call them friends of the farmer, for they keep his barnyard clear of rats, moles, and other pests. The breed was developed in Germany, and belongs to the terrier class. These tiny hunters stand 12 to 13 inches high, weigh from 12 to 15 pounds, with coat that's a shaggy salt-and-pepper gray. They're happy in the city, and good pets, too. The cover dogs are suburbanites from Huntington, Long Island.

Esther R. Bien

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Marjorie Vetter: *Fiction*
Laura Vitray: *Articles*
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Mildred of California
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fashions featured
in the Girls and Young
Teens Departments at
the fine stores listed
below:

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Missoula, Mont., F. A. Buttrey Co.
Mobile, C. J. Gayfer & Co.
Montgomery, Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Nashville, Loveman's
New Orleans, Maison Blanche Co.
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Oklahoma City, Rothschild's
Omaha, Younker's
Pittsburgh, Look's Children Shop
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Park Ridge, Ill., Little Shop
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Philadelphia, Gimbel's
Pittsburgh, Gimbel's
Portland, Margaret-Ann Shop
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Salina, Kan., Stiefel's
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San Diego, Walker-Scott Co.
San Francisco, City of Paris
San Jose, Hale's
Seattle, Bon Marche
Shreveport, Lad 'n' Lassie
St. Paul, Minn., Younker-Davidson's
South Bend, George Wyman & Co.
Spokane, The Crescent
Springfield, Ohio, Beach's Youth Center
Tampa, Young Miss Shop
Tulsa, Brown, Dunkin Co.
Wilmington, Stone & Thomas
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Winton, W. Va., Stone & Thomas
Wilmington, Del., Arthur's
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Yonkers, N.Y., Gimbel's Westchester

For other stores, send a
Sunny postcard to

mildred
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Los Angeles 15, Calif.

hi girls!
hi young teens!
age 7 through 14

come visit
your favorite
stores to see
a wonderful holiday
collection of

YOUNG

MISS

AMERICA

FASHIONS

created by **mildred** of California
See these Glamour Fashions for Tomorrow
on the next 5 pages

Mildred of California presents a specially created
collection of Original Little Couture Fashions
modeled on the set of Universal-International Studios
by GIGI PERREAU and JUDY NUGENT,
co-starring in "THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW,"
starring BARBARA STANWYCK - FRED MacMURRAY
JOAN BENNETT

*Making the
Most of You
by Mildred
Young Couture Designer*



You can do it all by yourself. Make a person of yourself. You'll do it by learning to dress... by learning to walk... to stand... to glow with health and charm. You'll be the Young Miss America ideal with just a few notes tucked away in your memory. Remember, that it's not just the number of outfits you have that counts... It's choosing clothes to rhyme with you that makes a girl stand apart. I've devoted my lifelong efforts to designing 'coming out' fashions with something special for girls and young teens. And just to pass on a few fashion hints to make growing up, a period of glowing up - remember: Dress to your type. If you're sporty, be true to yourself. One unnecessary bit of fluff will spoil the neat niceness you strive for. If you're a tiny dainty-kid, perk up with ribbons 'n' bows and wide-hemmed skirts. One thing's sure - You Do It Yourself - for yourself!

Here are some Young Miss America hints - for Keeps!

Keep Pretty and Fresh with the merest hint of a Fresh-flower fragrance like Max Factor's Electrique Parfum Cologne. \$2.50 plus tax per ounce at your favorite Cosmetic Counter.

Keep Hair Fashion Flattering with Pinwhe Pincurl's Permanent featuring the "Foam" Neutralizer and the circular all-aluminum PINWHEEL PINCURL CLIPS to give you that just-enough shiny soft curl. Pinwhe \$1.50 plus tax. Pinwheels 7 for 29¢ at Notions Counters Everywhere.

Keep Alert and Alive with a Hobby. Any Young Miss America can build her personality with record talk these days. You'll know the latest on Decca. You'll be fascinated with the newest in Decca Hi-Fi (from 20 to 20,000 CPS). The automatic changer handles 78, 45, and 33 1/2 RPM records and shuts off automatically after the last record. It has two speakers, and separate bass, volume and treble controls. And - it's portable, ready to be your constant companion.

Set shown: DP-231, \$82.95

There's lots of excitement about **YOUNG MISS AMERICA** right now at your favorite fashion store. See Mildred's Young Miss America Fashions today!

Young Miss America Glamour Fashion

GISE PERREAU
and JUDY NUGENT
co-starring in
"THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW"
A Universal-International Picture
starring
Barbara Stanwyck • Fred MacMURRAY
JOAN BENNETT



SHOES BY CAPEZIO

Mildred brings just the tiniest touch of the 'Italian look' to Holiday coordinates in Vanetta's *Cantoni* bunny-soft imported velveteen. "Glamour Plus" ensembles for girls sizes 7 to 14. The cobbler blouse \$8, capri pants \$9. For young teens, sizes 8 to 14. Fitted top \$9, jester pants \$11. Custom colors created expressly for Mildred—hot pink/deep rose, lilac/purple. Mildred of California. 127 E. Ninth Street, Los Angeles 15, California

VELVETEEN FABRICS BY

Vanetta

Tomorrow by **mildred** of California



Hot Pepper Print Separates in sunshine-sparkling colors to set you off for theatre parties and Holiday doin's. Mother, too, will love Fluegelman's bright 'n' shiny Everglaze® cotton satin...crisp through umpteen launderings. Blouse in lime or orange solid tone, pants and skirt in charcoal or brown print. For girls, sizes 7 to 14. Blouse about \$4, skirt about \$8, pants about \$6. For young teens, sizes 8 to 14. Blouse about \$5, skirt with velveteen belt about \$9, pants about \$6. You'll find them at the stores listed on a preceding page or write to Mildred of California, 127 E. Ninth Street, Los Angeles 15, California.



N. Fluegelman & co., inc.

Young Miss America Glamour Pass To

SET CLOSED
ABSOLUTELY
NO
ADMITTANCE

GIGI PERREAU and JUDY NUGENT
co-starring in
"THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW"
A Universal-International Picture
starring
Barbara Stanwyck Fred MacMurray
JOAN BENNETT

Mildred does a "Rock and Roll" twirler with dance step footprints embroidered on the full swing skirt. Both skirt and matching cove-dance blouse are created in Lincoln's very wonderful cotton faille. Colors as hot as the music that inspired them—melon, Capri blue, mint green, party pink. Young teens only, sizes 8 to 14. The skirt about \$11, the blouse about \$5. From the collection of Little Couture Mixers by Mildred of California, 127 E. Ninth Street, Los Angeles 15, California.

LINCOLN
FABRICS

Tomorrow by **mildred** of California

NOT CLOSE
ABSOLUTELY
NO
SMITTAN

Slumber Party Quartet gives you an overnight delight in Allen's Redmanized shrunk-to-fit bright cotton knit. Clever cornucopia bag (or night cap, as you please) holds natty slacks, Tee shirt, striped over-blazer and a genuine Pinwheel Pincurl Clip for fun! All in Allen's Redmanized shape-holding cotton jersey in canary and charcoal with gay highlights of red. Girls and young teens 7 to 14 about \$13 at fine stores listed on a preceding page or write Mildred of California, 127 East Ninth Street, Los Angeles 15, California.

REDMANIZED

shrunk-to-fit

INTERLOCK by Allen

Young Miss America Glamour Fashions for Tomorrow by **mildred** of California



To make a pretty girl prettier, Mildred cuts a fancy figure for you in Schwarzenbach "Society" Chropapun taffeta in solid colors and hand-screened prints. "Orchid Corsage" specially for young teens 8 to 14, boasts a separate velveteen bolero with a swash-buckle for trim.

Orchid/purple, cocoa/turquoise, about \$18. "Follow Me," for girls 7 to 14 features a swishy back panel fullness and a clever mock bolero bodice in red or pink about \$13. Young Miss America Fashions created by Mildred of California, 127 East Ninth Street, Los Angeles 15, California.

Young Miss America Fashions available at stores listed on a preceding page.



Illustrations by Irv Docktor

By Janet Roberts

The slamming door

Could Raynelle ever again force it open?

What was the right thing to do?

The minute she stepped into her home room, Raynelle Hughes saw the girls grouped around Cleo Parkinson, her best friend. She was disappointed because she wanted to talk to Cleo alone and get her advice about Hal's not yet having asked her to the dance.

Then, "... will Raynelle say?" she heard clearly.

Cleo laughed lightly. "What *can* she say? Hal has a right to date anyone he pleases, and he's asked *me* to the dance. He told me that Raynelle is just too, too sweet. Hal likes girls to be more-mature."

One of the girls began to laugh and then stopped short as she saw Raynelle.

"Cleo!" she warned sharply.

Raynelle turned and stumbled blindly to her desk. Her

knees felt too wobbly to hold her up. When the bell rang, she automatically opened her books.

This was the reason Hal Mead, her steady date for the past six months, hadn't asked her to the Spring Formal. This was why he hadn't called her for two nights. This was why he had ignored her in the hall a few minutes ago.

Cleo—her best friend, who gave her advice, double-dated with her constantly, giggled with her over the same jokes, ate with her every noon, confided in her, and listened eagerly to her confidences—Cleo was going to the dance with Hal, and she had laughed with him about Raynelle behind her back! It was like a door slamming hard in her face.

"Too, too sweet!" "Wanted a girl who was more mature!" The print on the book danced before her eyes. She reached





All the faces seemed to turn toward her, and the large crowd appeared strange and completely unfamiliar

for her handkerchief and pretended to blow her nose, as she secretly wiped away tears. If only she could go home—but there was that test in history, and the quiz in algebra.

When Cleo tried to talk to her later, Raynelle walked away. She didn't want to speak to Cleo again, ever. Cleo shrugged, and at noon Raynelle saw her laughing and talking to that silly Marcia Smith. Cleo, with her slick short hair, her black blouse and plaid skirt, her amused sophisticated air that all the girls envied.

She wasn't pretty, Raynelle thought for the hundredth

time, but there really was something very smooth about her.

Hal had always liked double-dating with Cleo and anyone she wanted to date. Now that Raynelle thought about it, she began to see that often she had been stuck with Cleo's date, while Hal and Cleo danced, or talked, or strolled off together. And yet Cleo had made fun of Hal behind his back to Raynelle, and laughed when Raynelle had defended him.

"Big football blond," Cleo had scoffed. "All brawn and no brains. What do you see in him?"

By evening Raynelle was so angry and unhappy, she was planning all kinds of revenge. She would date the handsomest boy in school—ask her mother to buy her a daring red formal—cut her long curly blond hair to a smooth slick boy cut, even shorter than Cleo's. She would wear her

mother's long earrings, and put on heavier make-up. She would show them! Hal would come begging to her—he would never want anything to do with Cleo again. He would say, "I didn't realize how mature you are, Raynelle!"

That night at dinner her mother was troubled. "Raynelle, whatever is the matter with you?"

"I'm all right," Raynelle answered, not touching her favorite Dutch apple pie.

"Let her alone," advised her father sensibly.

"Aren't you going to the Dixieland?" her mother asked later. The Dixieland was the place where the high school kids gathered when they had nothing more important to do.

"Not tonight. I have homework."

Raynelle went up to her room. She sat for a long time in her window seat, looking down the shadowed street toward town. At the Dixieland, Cleo was probably meeting Hal. The kids would notice and whisper, "Wonder what happened to Raynelle? Hal throw her over? Too bad. Poor kid, she's a little young, don't you think? Too young . . . too young . . . not very mature . . ."

She bit her lips against the sobs that wanted to come. She stared out at the garden and saw the gang at the Dixieland, laughing and talking and having fun. No more of that for her.

She had dated Hal this whole junior year — ever since Hal's terrific one-man triumph in the first football game of the season. Hal and Cleo and her date had come over that evening to Raynelle's to celebrate. They had never laughed so much, they said afterwards.

She and Cleo, Cleo and Raynelle, all winter. And Raynelle and Hal, Hal and Raynelle, dating almost steadily. One night, coming back from ice skating, she and Hal had been talking about the future. He had stopped her, pulled her around to face him, and said earnestly, "I want to be in your future, Raynelle. Do you mind?"

"I don't mind," she had answered, lifting her face up to look at him.

He had kissed her then—a quick, shy kiss. Remembering that kiss, and then thinking of the way he had avoided her for the past three days, Raynelle bent her head down to her knees. She could no longer keep from crying.

The next day was terrible and the following day was worse. Only two more days to the Spring Formal!

In class she looked over the boys, trying to get up courage to ask one of them to take her to the dance. But they were probably all dated by now, and even if they weren't—she cringed at the thought of how they would look at her! A girl didn't ask a boy to the Spring Formal. She just didn't.

Jim O'Connor was nice, though he was the class cutup. But she knew he was going with Sally Davis. She might ask Ben or Burt. They wouldn't laugh—but they might talk about it afterwards.

There was Dick Webber who had just started to school in January. He was quiet and brainy, not handsome, but he was very polite, and he had a wonderful smile that flashed quickly and was gone. She almost asked Dick when he grinned at her in history class one morning. He sat next to her, so it wouldn't have been hard to slip him a note. But something held her hand, and the moment was gone.

Everybody knew by now that Hal had dated Cleo Patterson for the Spring Formal. Raynelle avoided them all, sitting by herself in the cafeteria at noon, pretending she had to study. She didn't need to; she had been staying home and studying every evening. She thought she might never go out again. She would stay in and study, become a brain, go on to college and a university, get a Ph.D., become—maybe a woman doctor or something like that. Maybe



someday Cleo would come to her with some terrible disease, or an horribly broken leg, and cry and beg her forgiveness. "Of course I forgive you," she would say magnanimously. "Hal really meant nothing to me; you were quite welcome to him. My career came first with me, always." And she would heal Cleo and send her on her way, not even asking her to pay because by that time Cleo was terribly poor.

Her parents kept trying to get her to go out with them. "Don't you want to go with me to the church supper?" her mother asked.

"No, not tonight. I have a big test in English tomorrow."

Her dad suggested, "How about that baseball game at State on Saturday? Since you're not going to the Formal, we could stay in the city for dinner. You name the place."

It would have been tempting back in her childhood, thought Raynelle, but it meant little now. "No, Dad, you go ahead with Uncle Jim. I have some sewing to do."

On Saturday she rushed from one thing to another—sewing, cooking lunch for her mother, washing the car, raking the leaves around the tulip bed, keeping furiously busy so she wouldn't think about how the other girls were taking beauty naps, trying on make-up, and comparing formals. But by the middle of the afternoon she had run out of things to do. She went to her (Continued on page 40)

By Roselee Rockman



First Prize

I don't know what has come over you lately, Jean," Mother complained. "You are either picking on Willie or ignoring him, and you used to be so good to your little brother."

Unfortunately, Willie, stepping into the room just then, heard this speech. He made a face. He hates to be called "little," now that he is thirteen and a freshman in high school. My little brother! At this moment I hated him so I could scream. I hated him not only because he had turned into a liar and a cheat, but because actually I was even more guilty than he was. It all happened so quickly, so unexpectedly. I know I should have confessed when the prize was announced, the arrangements for the assembly made. But it would have meant not only exposing myself and my brother but also bringing disgrace on Mother and Dad, and I just didn't have the courage.

It hadn't occurred to me that it wouldn't stop there—with his winning the prize—that it would mount and mount, that it would become a citywide occasion; and that if I spoke up now, I should involve not only myself and my brother and my parents but our teachers and principal as well, and maybe even the radio station.

"I know, Jean," Mother was saying now, "that in your heart you are as proud of your brother as your father and I are."

Proud! If she only knew!

She turned to Willie and reminded him it was time for him to get to bed so he could be bright and rested for his big moment tomorrow. I just stood there looking at him. Maybe if he had said something even now, if he confessed the whole thing, we could still do something. Tomorrow would be too late. Tomorrow everything would be over, and he and I and Mother and Dad too would be disgraced before the entire school and the whole city.

But no. He wasn't saying anything. He was only giving Mother a break this once, suffering himself to be kissed good night, and off he went to his room.

"You didn't even say good night to him," Mother reprimanded me after Willie had gone. "You've been so sullen lately, so unlike yourself, dear," she went on. "Daddy and I understand. But after all, Willie is still such a little boy and you are three years older and a senior, so you can't possibly be jealous of him. In your heart I'm sure you feel the way your father and I do—awfully proud that out of all those thousands of pupils in the school our Willie's composition won the first prize."

That ring of pride in her voice as she said, "Our Willie!" Dared I shatter it even now? His composition! Oh, ye gods! If only—if only I hadn't—but how could I possibly have

guessed where it would lead? It had started so innocently.

Mother had given a tea for her bridge club and her literary circle, a combined affair. It meant twice as many guests as usual, and so she had borrowed some silver from her friend, Mrs. Brooks. After the guests had gone and the dishes were washed, Mom asked me to return the silver. It is only a few blocks to Mrs. Brooks' house and it would have taken me only a few minutes. But the gang was going to the first show at the Grand, so I asked Willie to take the stuff. Sure, he said, he'd take it for a nickel, only he didn't have time because he had homework to do.

"What homework?" I asked him.

"Some dopey composition."

"I can fix that in a jiffy," I said blithely.

I opened my notebook, took out an essay I had written that week on "If I Had My Wish" and handed it to him. I don't usually bother much with compositions, but I had gone to town with this one because the topic is right up my alley. It must have turned out all right, too, for my English teacher, who is lavish with "C's" and "D's," actually marked it with a fat "A" and had me read it to the class.

"Be sure to copy it in your own handwriting," I told Willie when I handed him the paper and the nickel. "Leave out some sentences and misspell a few words."

Although homework is passed around all the time, I know it is not an ethical thing to do. You bet I'll never, never do it again. I learned my lesson all right, the hard way. I probably thought Willie's teacher wouldn't even look at the old paper. How was I to know that she would not only read it but would enter it in the citywide contest, that it would win first prize? And tomorrow morning Willie was to read it in the assembly, and the entire program would be broadcast over the municipal radio station as part of the celebration of Our Borough Day!

"After all, you weren't the only one who didn't win," Mother went on consoling me and telling me how proud we all should be of our dear, bright little Willie.

Ye gods! That kid didn't even bat an eyelash when everybody showered him with praise! And what could I do? Jump up and announce it was my paper he had handed in? Yet keeping silent made me a double liar and cheat. I could scarcely think of anything else, and I'd wake up in the night and lie there wondering what to do.

Only Willie remained calm as a cucumber. During this last night before the broadcast, while I tossed and worried for hours, he slept as soundly as ever.

The fatal morning arrived at last. Mother and Dad had



Illustration by Harvey Greer

*Sometimes a casual,
thoughtless act can have widespread
and terrible consequences*

seats of honor in the second row during the assembly, and I was given permission to leave my place with my class and sit with the family. We all saluted the flag; they played "The Star Spangled Banner"; then the program started, and went on and on like something in a dream that I couldn't believe was really happening. But there was Willie, sitting on the platform, looking scrubbed and shiny and wearing a starched, white shirt, a maroon tie, and his blue Sunday suit—embarrassed and shy as any kid would be—but more happy than anything else.

The principal, teachers, school officials, and people from the radio station were all over the platform. There were a lot of speeches, the school orchestra played, the glee club sang, but I kept looking into the palms of my hands, and breathing hard as if I'd been running.

Now Willie was standing in the center of the platform. The man had lowered the microphone for him. He seemed very small standing there alone. I could hear Father clear his throat and I could feel Mom stiffen a bit in her seat. As for me, I seemed to be tingling all over and, as if something forced me, I turned to look at my English teacher and my class, all sitting a few rows behind me. Quickly I lowered my head, my cheeks burning with shame. For the moment Willie opened his mouth, they would all recognize the words I had read in the classroom only a few weeks before. Oh, the disgrace of it! I shut my eyes tight when Willie began to speak. His voice was loud and clear as he proclaimed the title: "If I Had My Wish."

"If I had my wish, I'd want our team to win every game this season because they are fine players and deserve it. They are also a great bunch of fellows and a regular United Nations so far as race, color, religion, and all that goes. If I had my wish, there would be teams like ours all over the world, then the H and A bombs would never get out of the comic books. Joe Vitale is the best pitcher we ever had." Willie went on talking about each player for maybe two or three minutes. As far as I was concerned, it might have been a second or forever. Slowly my hands unclenched. I slumped further into my seat, and suddenly I was sobbing. Mother placed a firm, steady arm around me. When I dared look up, I noticed her eyes were shining with tears and even Dad's eyes looked a bit misty.

If I live to be a hundred, I don't think I'll ever be happier than I was for the rest of that day. I confessed everything to Mother and Dad, and although they scolded me, I felt it was well deserved. I had learned my lesson and all that was behind me. Nothing could mar the joy I felt. It was as if I had found my brother all over again.

That evening after I had hugged him—I was so happy, I couldn't help doing it although I knew he didn't like it—I asked Willie what he had done with my composition.

His face turned red as a beet. "I stuck it in my pocket," he explained, "but I must have lost it somewhere because it wasn't there when I got to school in the morning. Miss Farnum made me stay after school and write one. I remembered your title, so I put that down. If I'd had your paper, I might have copied the whole thing," he admitted ruefully. "I'm darned lucky I lost it, and believe you me I'll stick to my own stuff after this."

My composition was about an imaginary trip to Hollywood. In spite of Willie's protests I hugged him again, and then I apologized to him and congratulated him on being honest and doing his own thinking.

"I am so ashamed," I said. "I don't know what I was thinking of to suggest such a thing. A fine example I am."

"Forget it, Sis," he said, squirming red-faced out of reach. I'm just crazy about my kid brother.

Gold—a god—and a princess

By Laura Vitray

Do you know what the white men were seeking who first entered the great Southwest? Or why they found the seven cities of Cibola so disappointing? Do you know what golden treasure that originated in Central America is a source of revenue to the United States? Where horses came from, or why we have cattle—and cowboys?

The god has come! The god is here! He's flying in from the sea on a great white bird! It's Quetzalcoatl!"

No wonder the Indians of Central America fell down in awe and fright before the Spanish conquistadors. They had never before seen a sailing vessel. And their high priests had predicted that the god of wind and water—pale of face and dark of beard—would arrive that very year, on the wings of a white bird.

The bearded man who arrived was not Quetzalcoatl but Hernando Cortes, with four hundred Castilian fighting men. The prize he sought was gold, for the coffers of the Spanish king. The legend of the wind god, striking terror to the hearts of the Aztecs, made possible the swift conquest of Mexico. Soon the Aztec emperor, Montezuma, walking on sandals of pure gold, his cloak embroidered with precious stones, saw himself made a prisoner of Cortes, while his

vast storehouses of treasure were looted by the Spaniards.

Gold was what the New World castle meant to these Spaniards who followed after Columbus. Gold, gold—and more gold! No sooner was the wealth of Montezuma within their grasp than they turned their eyes elsewhere, hoping for still more. Soon other conquistadors, emboldened by the conquest of Mexico, were pushing up into California, and the great Southwest of the United States.

One group of adventurers sailed from Cuba, but was shipwrecked on the west coast of Florida. A member of their party, the Negro explorer Estevan, crossed the whole of Texas and northern Mexico on foot. He was killed by Indians—but Friar Marcos, who followed him, brought word to the Spanish in Mexico that there were "crooked-back cows" (the buffalo) in the plains, and somewhere to the north, in a land called Cibola, "seven golden cities of great wealth."

The gold-hungry white men easily believed there was more booty to match that of Montezuma. Francisco Vasquez Coronado marched northward to find it. When he reached Cibola, territory of the Zuni Indians, he found a group of peaceful villages, gilded only by the light of the sun. There followed heavy fighting, during which the Zunis surrendered their pueblos and fled to Thunder Mountain. Coronado pushed eastward to the Rio Grande, and north in the great plains as far as Kansas, meeting only with disillusionment.

The gold of North America remained well hidden from the conquistadors. But the temple of the Southwest, into which they had strayed, makes the pagan temples of Monte-

Drawings by Peter Spier



On the great plains, crooked-back cattle roamed



A new weapon came to challenge the mighty bomb



Spanish horses, and herds of cattle arrive—help write history!

zuma pale into insignificance. Here, the Great Architect pushed up mountain walls to north, east, and west—with a door open to the south alone. He used the Colorado River to carve a canyon a mile deep, and with paintbrush of wind and water—His alone—splashed it with celestial colorings. Here He set down the colossal Rainbow Bridge of stone; Monument Valley with its stone giants; the faery Painted Desert; the Petrified Forest of multicolored trees of stone; the underground city of alabaster that is Carlsbad Caverns.

The Pueblo Indians dwelling in the Southwest when the conquistadors arrived were "moderns" compared with those who had gone before. They had been preceded by thousands of years by an Indian people we call the Basketmakers, who lived in caves, and later in pit houses. These were made by digging a hole, lining it with slabs of sandstone, and roofing it with tree branches covered with a coating of hardened mud or adobe. Such a house had its own air conditioning: it was warm in winter and cool in summer.

The pit house was the ancestor of the terraced cliff houses and pueblos that Coronado found, with their thick walls and crossbeam roofs. One of the most remarkable of these, Cliff Palace, sheltered by a cave at Mesa Verde, Colorado, has 117 rooms on its ground floor. Such apartment-like dwellings, housing a whole community, are still in use by Indians of New Mexico and Arizona.

When the Spanish settlers arrived, new architectural features were blended with the old. The Spaniards learned from the Indians to bake adobe blocks, and mortar them with earth and water. Out of these they built such missions

as that at Tumacacori, near Nogales, and many other structures that stand as landmarks in desert and cattle country.

The Spanish came seeking gold. But there was a gold in North America that Coronado and his adventurers overlooked. It was the golden ears of the corn plant, first cultivated in the Southwest by the Basketmakers. Scholars believe that the earliest "home" of corn was Central America. Discovered there by the Mayas, it may account for the fact that these ancient Indians settled down and built a great civilization where food was plenteous.

Restless nomads must have brought the corn seeds northward thousands of years ago. The corn of the Basketmakers was hard and flintlike, but with cultivation the Indians of North America improved it, until it became the maize we now know. And, as centuries passed, corn was carried across the wilderness—all the way to New England, where Indians taught the corn story to the hungry Pilgrims. Today, corn is one of the great pillars of agriculture in the United States.

In the basketry and pottery of the Southwest we have today still another cultural thread that goes back to these ancient Basketmakers, who used tight-woven baskets as water jars and cooking utensils, carried their babies in basket cradles. The methods of basket weaving have changed, but many of the shapes and uses have remained, or been copied in pottery. And the pictographs or paintings on pit-house walls furnish inspiration for today's basket and pottery designs.

As Spanish missionaries and (Continued on page 51)



In terror, they brought gifts to the white god



The princess melted the conqueror's stern heart

By Rainey Heard Williams



Drawing by Abbi Damerow

Plan for a second date!

First-date tactics are the clue

to all the happy times that lie ahead!

It's happened: the boy of your dreams has finally taken notice of your existence. He's asked you for that wonderful first date! But will there be a second? Hoping and fearing keep you in an agony of suspense.

Since you're worried about it, why not take out insurance? Well, no—there's no big company that issues insurance policies for second dates, that's true. But with a little thought and care, you can easily insure yourself.

Any good insurance plan is full of details that are very

carefully thought out in advance—in preparation for any event or emergency. Second-date insurance is precisely like that. It's a plan, remember. It's no haphazard affair. It includes such details as the latest colors in fingernail polish—and from there, all the way to how to rebuild an auto motor. With a good insurance plan you'll approach the first date so calm and relaxed, the second will follow as a matter of course.

Let's see. You're going with the gang to a weiner roast on first date. You know your blue taffeta is far and away the most bewitching rag in your wardrobe—it makes you look like Debbie Reynolds, everybody says. No, don't wear it! Wear jeans and a sweater like the others. Dress comfortably, not conspicuously, if you want a favorable reaction. Save the taffeta for the second date—or maybe the third! Something to be gasped at and to make the boy friend proud of you.

Of course, this first date is all-important. So you've wisely allowed yourself plenty of time to get ready. No last game of tennis after which you dash madly home with thirty minutes left to eat, bathe, and dress. No gab session over sodas with the girls when you know your hair belongs in pin curls and you should be working on your nails, at home! Because you want to look your best, you've permitted yourself plenty of time for getting ready.

It's almost time . . . the little clock on your dresser ticks away steadily, mocking the slam-bang beat of your heart. Whoa there! You've allowed for fifteen coldly calculated minutes to go over your plans for the evening. Fifteen minutes to take a final check before (Continued on page 38)

By Geraldine Roberts

Play basketball for fun!

It started with two peach baskets—

they were bottomless, but they

held many millions of fast thrills!



An exciting moment—they jump for the ball the referee tosses

If you're feeling the need of exercise, you might try launching a new sport. That's what Dr. James Naismith did in 1891. He nailed peach baskets up on the wall at each end of the gym, and basketball was born. The chances are, though, that you'll have much more fun playing Dr. Naismith's game than trying to think up one of your own.

Basketball's getting more popular every day, and more and more girls have become basketball fans. These same girls are finding out there's only one thing more fun than cheering for the local team. That, of course, is playing the game.

Basketball is out of bloomers

Time was when girls played nine-court ball, with the players rotating positions after every basket. A girls' physical-education teacher who played basketball this way in the bloomer days once played an entire game without touching the ball. The ball just never happened to come into the court where she was! This wouldn't happen with today's two-court game. Girls' basketball is faster and more fun to play than ever before.

Let's drop down to the gym this afternoon and see if we can pick up some pointers. The Jay's—Jean, Jane, Joyce, Judy, Joan, and Jan—are playing the Bee's—Bev, Betty, Bonnie, Barb, Beth, and Belinda—and it should be about time for the game to start.

You'll notice that each team has six players. Boys have to get by with five. Each team has three forwards and three guards.

The forwards from one team stay in one half of the court along with the other side's guards.

Play ball!

We're just in time. The game is about to start. There's Jean—a forward—in the center circle, waiting for the referee to toss her the ball. None of the other players can come inside the circle, but Jean has just three seconds to pass the ball. She's tossing it to Jan. But wait . . . Belinda got there first, and now the ball's headed the other way. Anyway, the game has begun! Now the forwards will try to get the ball in position to make a basket, and the guards will try to stop them from scoring.

Did you see that? Bev made a basket. That counts two points for the Bee's. Now one of the forwards for the Jay's will come back to the center circle to start the play again.

Referee calls a foul!

Well, we've got the general idea now, but we'll notice some other things like violations, fouls, and penalties that keep the girls on their toes.

Oh, oh! Betty "traveled" with the ball. She took several steps down the court while the ball was in her possession. That is a violation, and it means (Continued on page 48)

The photograph is by Charles L. Warwick, a teen-ager from Greensboro, North Carolina, winner of a Third Prize in the 1955 National High School Photographic Awards.



By Janet Holl

Illustration by Sam Kveskin

Karen looked from one of her family to another. On each face she saw "no" as plainly as if it were printed in bold type.

"Thirty-five dollars for a dress and evening shoes," her father muttered in a shocked tone.

"We couldn't pay thirty-five dollars for a dress, Karen," her mother said quietly. There was no leeway for argument in her voice.

"I am sorry I can't give you any money toward a gown, Karen," her sister Beth said. "My job pays so little I have hardly been able to save anything so that Joe and I can be married next spring." Her voice dwindled off. Karen wondered if Beth, at twenty-four, had forgotten what it was like to be sixteen and asked to the big dance by one of the nicest boys in school.

"Couldn't you make a dress?" her brother Dick suggested. "Dad and I are in pretty deep."

Karen didn't need an explanation. "In pretty deep" was their rather vague way of saying they had no money. There were other ways of putting it: "A bad year." "Costs are high." "Need drainage for the lower pasture." There were many ways of saying it. Karen told herself bitterly, but when you came right down to it, it meant that they were poor, they always had been, and they always would be.

Her expression must have mirrored her thoughts for her father said, "I am sorry, Karen. We work hard for what money we have and we can't pay thirty-five dollars for a dress. No, Karen, not this year."

"Not this year" was another way of saying it. Why were they always looking forward? she thought harshly. Maybe if they looked back and realized how long they had been saying "not this year," they'd give up. She turned and went upstairs.

She could hear them going back to their after-dinner chores: Beth and her mother at the sink; Dick and her father in the living room, making entries in the never-ending set of books that never told the right story at the end of the year. Not one of them understood what it felt like to be young and to want something so desperately.

Karen lay across the bed and buried her face in the softness of the candlewick bedspread. She wondered how she could have been so happy only four hours ago. It had begun during home-room period when Bob Bentley had asked her to go to the prom. She had felt light and gay and her knees had been a little weak. Bob Bentley was one of the nicest boys in school. He was president of her junior class and a member of the student council, and he played center on the

basketball team, too. Bob was quiet, yet he had a wonderful sense of humor. All the kids liked him immensely. And he had asked *her*!

Automatically Karen had said yes. Everything had been so wonderful then. Now she only felt tired and worried, for she didn't know what she would tell Bob. Luckily the dance was a month off and she would have time to think of an excuse. Bob could ask someone else.

Maybe something would come up. Karen tried to encourage herself. It was getting dark, time to start her homework. She turned on the lights in her room and opened her history book, but her eyes wouldn't focus on the pages. If only there were some way of earning the money!

Earning the money! She sat up straight. Why couldn't I earn thirty-five dollars? Perhaps I could get an evening dress and a pair of slippers for less, but I want Bob to be proud of me when we stand in the reception line with the class officers and faculty advisers. Just once I want to look like the town kids or like Mary Mitchell up the road and some of the other girls. Just once! I'll go down and tell the family, she decided, closing the book.

"I'm going to try to earn some money for my dress," she announced, as she entered the kitchen.

Beth turned to her and asked very practically, "How?"

Karen felt her face flush. "I don't know. Picking, maybe. Or baby-sitting or something like that."

"I'm glad," her father called from the other room. "You're old enough to learn the value of money."

Old enough to learn the value of money! As if she hadn't learned it time after time when they had said "no" with the same finality with which they had said it tonight. She went into the living room and sat down to figure a way to earn the thirty-five dollars.

"Jim Edwards says his peppers will be ready next week. He needs pickers badly," Dick suggested.

Picking peppers! She had never done field work. There was always someone older and more competent to do the difficult chores and, she reluctantly admitted, she had been the "baby" not only to her mother and father but to Beth and Dick. She had endured few of the hardships of farm life. Beth and Dick, eight and ten years older, had always seen to that.

"I'll call him," she said at last, for she couldn't appear to be particular about the work she would do.

"I just thought of something," Beth came in from the kitchen. "Mrs. Kane has been sick for a few weeks, and we



need someone to set tables, peel potatoes, and fix vegetables in the grade-school lunchroom. If you got down there at six, you could put in two hours before the time for the high school bus."

Six o'clock in the morning! Of course. Beth was always at work by seven, and she worked until four preparing meals and doing the chores for the school lunchroom which was shorthanded most of the time.

"I could run you down mornings. It's only a mile," Dick offered enthusiastically.

"You could pick peppers after school," her father suggested. "I think they're getting seven cents a basket. You could really put in a day on Saturday."

"You'll have your dress in no time," Beth said confidently. "We should have thought of this before."

Karen felt as if she were on a merry-go-round and couldn't jump off. Field work! Setting tables and peeling potatoes! Six o'clock in the morning! But I'll get my dress, she told herself happily, and Bob will be proud of me.

Two days later Karen crawled out of bed at five thirty. It was still dark and the fall chill made the bed seem like a cozy nest but she flung back the covers, dressed, and went downstairs. Her mother was in the kitchen and her brother and father had just gone to the barn.

"First day of work," Mrs. Carter said cheerfully. The rich odor of coffee filled the kitchen, mingling with the pleasant smell of wood burning in the pot-bellied stove.

After breakfast, Dick drove her (Continued on page 49)

*Junior prom—exciting date—new dress—
to a girl like Karen
what were these things really worth?*

By Glynné

Beauty timetable

The beauty editor and a pretty teen-ager

talk about daily and weekly

routines that every girl needs to follow

You may not sling it into your briefcase along with your geometry and English texts but still—good grooming is part of every girl's homework. Agree?"

The pretty high school senior we were interviewing nodded her head in ready assent. She is Mavis Allen, of Morganville, Kansas, and she's one teen-ager who's been smart enough to adopt her own plan of "stay smooth" beauty routines.

"It's true," Mavis said. "And a half hour of beauty homework a day can make any girl pretty—even a homely one! Call it magic, if you will. I can only say that if you work out a careful formula of beauty care that's right for yourself, and then stick to it, it works!"

In a cool shirtwaist dress, topped with a double strand of pearls, her dark, shining hair swept loosely away from her face, Mavis radiated an air of youthful elegance. We wanted to know more about this enterprising young lady—and her beauty schedules.

"How did you work out your own formula?" we asked.

Mavis laughed. "Oh, it wasn't easy at first. I had a lot of problems—I suppose every teen-ager has! My biggest one was a naturally oily skin—not too oily, but enough to give me a lot of trouble with pimples."

"Too much candy, perhaps?"

"Yes—I love candy, and I love fried foods."

"Would you say self-discipline is the number-one beauty rule?"

"I'm sure it is—for me, at least! You see, I'm not too tall, and I weigh too much. A little camouflage in the way you dress can help. But in the end, there's nothing like working out a formula for a day-by-day beauty routine that suits your own needs and sticking to it."

"How did you work yours out, Mavis? Perhaps your method will give some hints to other girls."

"Well, I started by combing through the teen-age magazines and cutting out everything on good looks. Next I wrote to the advertisers who offered booklets on good grooming. I collected at least a dozen. That's where the homework begins. I studied them for answers to my personal problems, and copied out every rule that applied to my kind of skin, my kind of figure, my kind of hair."

"Know thyself—and what to do to improve! That sounds like a good beginning, Mavis. What next?"

"Next is the self-discipline, I suppose!"

"That's the real rub, isn't it? What would you advise?"

"Put it in writing!" Mavis brought out a notebook and passed it over for inspection. "It's hard to follow a lot of good resolutions that are just in your head. I can't. Putting your schedule of beauty routines in writing somehow makes them official. Besides, I found after I got mine down in black and white that I needed a certain amount of equipment to carry them out. Just small things—nothing really expensive. But things it's important to have on hand when you are following the schedule you've devised for yourself."

Mavis's beauty notebook was as neat as good beauty homework should be. The pages were large, with room enough to note down all the necessary routines.

Page one was her daily beauty-care chart, worked out for each day of the month. She had turned the page sideways. Then, leaving a blank margin of half an inch on the left, she'd ruled off thirty-one columns for the days, with headings at the top—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—straight through the month.

In the margin at the left, there were other headings, corresponding to the beauty routines that Mavis carries out each day, at the same time checking them off in the appropriate columns under the days, to show she hasn't neglected them. The Monday column shows she went through them all—a complete row of check marks. Did she omit one last Friday? Huh! Nothing like being honest with yourself!

Those beauty headings down the left-hand side of the page read: face; teeth; hair; exercises; eyes; make-up; face, p.m.; hands; bath; deodorant; sleep. Ah, yes, indeed—it's sleep that wasn't checked in the Friday column! "What about that, Mavis?"

She smiled. "A party. A wonderful party! But—not much sleep that night. It happens sometimes. If it's once in a while . . ."

"Right! If it's once in a while, beauty shouldn't suffer too much!"

Beauty before breakfast

Mavis went over her chart to show me what each of the beauty routines she had listed called for.

"The first heading on my chart is *face*," Mavis pointed out, "and that's my first beauty routine of the day. I use a complexion brush. My skin is oily, so I wash it with a medicated soap. First, I wet my face with warm water and give it a quick washing, rinsing with hot water. Next, I work up a thick, sudsy lather with my complexion brush, and leave it on my face for about five minutes, before rinsing it off with hot water, and then a cold splash."

"That's a fine routine for your type of skin, Mavis," we told her. "All except the complexion brush!"

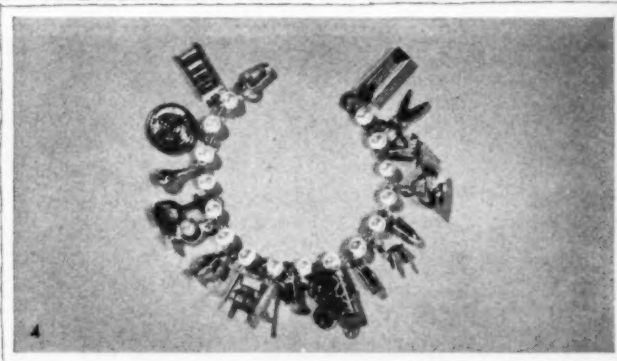
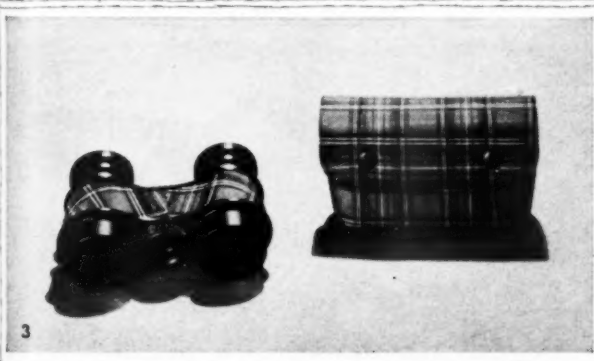
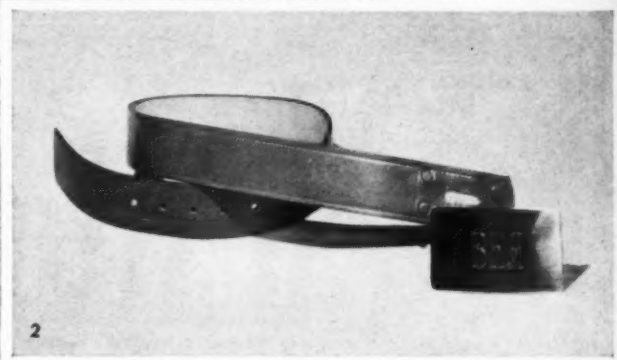
"But don't you need the bristles of a brush to awaken dormant cells?" Mavis wasn't entirely convinced.

"Not on your face. Your moving finger tips are the best massage for delicate facial tissues. They'll do the job of waking up circulation and getting your face hospital clean. Otherwise, your soap-and-water facial is a three-way winner: cleanser, disinfectant, and mildly drying agent."

"I suppose it wouldn't be good for a girl with a dry skin."

"No. Dry-skinned girls need creams that the more lubricated people like you should avoid."

Teeth come next on Mavis's morning schedule. She smiled. "It's no whisk job, either, because I won't get another chance until evening. I take care of them during the five minutes I have the soap lather on (Continued on page 45)



1. With good wishes for a hostess: Maplewood nutcracker from Italy, timed for holiday eating . . . Does equally well any time. Supersized squirrel tail does a super job on any nut. \$1.95, Roger Marciel, Dept. AG, P. O. Box 924, New Orleans

2. For a fashion-conscious friend . . . a black, red, navy, or tan cowhide belt with a snap-off buckle (takes three initials or short name). Sizes 22-32, 1½ inches wide, \$2.15 for set; extra belt \$1.20. Amy Abbott, P. O. Box 306, Radio City, New York 19

3. To shorten the distance between two points . . . give him Airguide binoculars. Good idea for a sports fan or bird watcher on your list. Smartly covered in red plaid with matching case; \$4.50, The Old Whip Shop, 170 Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

4. For a girl with lots of charm . . . sixteen, to be specific, each with a movement all its own. Made of gold plate on a simulated pearl bracelet; by Burntwood, \$2* Emery Bird Thayer, Kansas City, Mo.; May Co., Los Angeles; Gimbel's, Philadelphia

Select your holiday gifts here. They are new and varied and all at easy-to-take prices



5



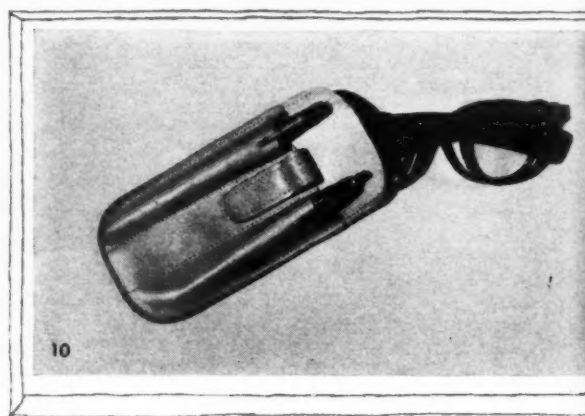
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5. Two ways to please a man... Fat, little pottery jugs filled with shave lotion and cologne; the spicy scent very much in the masculine gender. Standing watch over both, a colorful sentinel box. Seaforth Spiced Twosome, \$1*. Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn

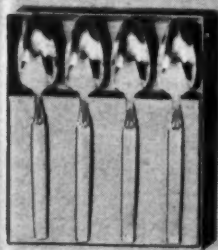
6. Herbs and spice and all things nice... that's what good cooks are made of. For a would-be gourmet: Herb Blend Sampler for meat, salad, fish, and poultry; Seasoning Sampler in four variations; each \$1.25. Johnny Appleseed, Dept. AG, Beverly, Mass.

7. Guaranteed to keep a junior artist busy for hours... and happily dirty. (No problem here, paint washes off easily.) Non-Toxic sticks of paint may be used wet or dry for lovely, varied effects. \$1. The Playhouse. Dept. AG, 867 Madison Ave., New York 21

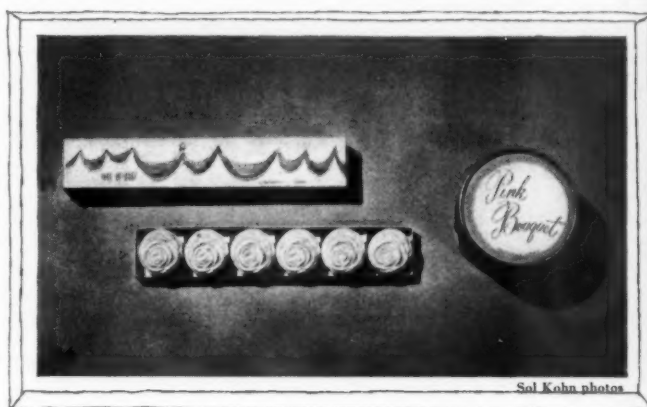
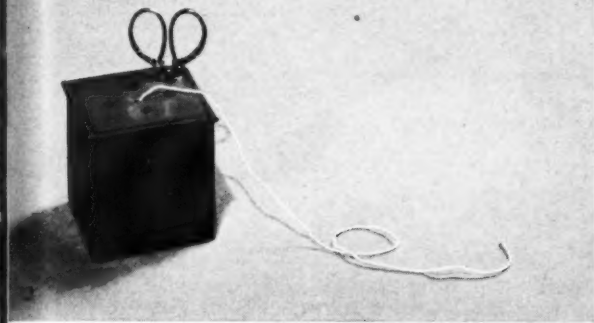
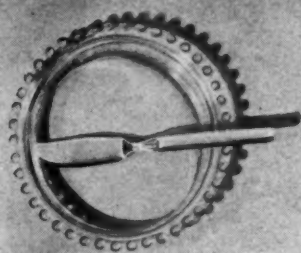
8. A soft touch for the man in the driver's seat... Pineapple-stitched gloves of wool, nylon, plus raccoon hair for a cashmere feel; the pig-kin palm for grip assurance. Small, medium, medium-large, large; \$2.98. Here's How, Dept. AG, 27 E. 22 St., New York 10

9. Alberic's Christmas-white shrug, beautifully ageless... a lovely, warm thought for Grandma. Lines follow the last slim-straight word in fashion. News, too, in its drama... wide collar and cuffs, bulky Orlon knit. Small, medium, large; \$6. Demery's, Detroit

10. For a favorite uncle... the one who likes his things "just so." Clever saddle-leather case does a neat three-way job... holds pen, pencil, glasses. The safety feature... a sturdy pocket clip. \$2. Bauer-Lee, Dept. AG, 140 E. Montecito Ave., Sierra Madre, Calif.



11



Sol Kohn photos

11. To a teen's taste (or any age thereafter) . . . gift items in the new Twilight Community silver plate by Oneida at special introductory prices. Fruit spoons \$2.95; party serving set: 6-inch glass dish and serving knife \$1.95. Macy's, New York 1

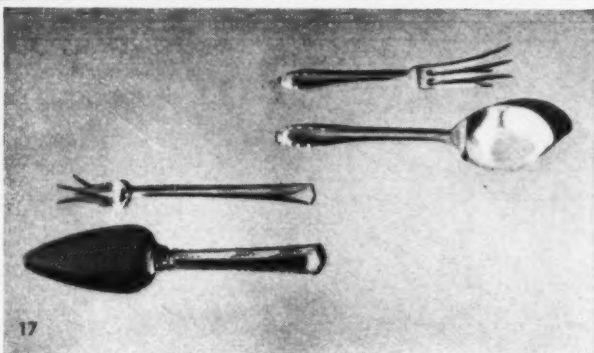
12. The pillow turns another cheek . . . both beautiful for a teen-age room. One side red or green, the other white with a special aptitude for collecting autographs. Washable Orlon; 18 inches long; \$2.98. Here's How, Dept. AG, 27 E. 22 St., New York 10

13. Present for a kitchen . . . Square leather box, looking anything but commonplace, containing twine threaded through top opening. In another niche . . . so it's always handy . . . a pair of scissors. \$1.10; Amy Abbott, Dept. AG, P. O. Box 306, Radio City, New York 19

14. For little dolls, a special do-it-yourself kit. Interesting material . . . doll heads, stands, hair material, pipe cleaners, ribbon . . . to make varieties of dolls for ornaments, favors, or just for fun. \$2, catalog #48-T2552. Montgomery Ward, Chicago.

15. For little drivers, a personalized enamel license plate in his or her own State colors. Very official looking on bicycles, carts . . . anything on wheels. Specify State and name (up to seven letters). \$1, Amy Abbott, Dept. AG, P. O. Box 306, Radio City, New York 19

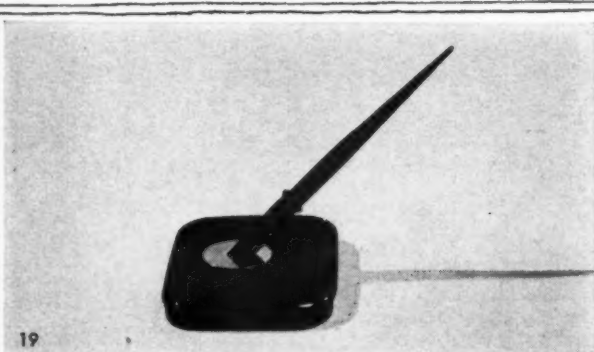
16. Bathing beauties that are dear to the heart of any girl. Miniature cakes of soap, dainty as a rose and delicately scented, \$1. Dusting powder in matching pink-and-white gift box, \$1*, by Dorothy Gray in the Pink Bouquet fragrance; Jordan Marsh, Boston



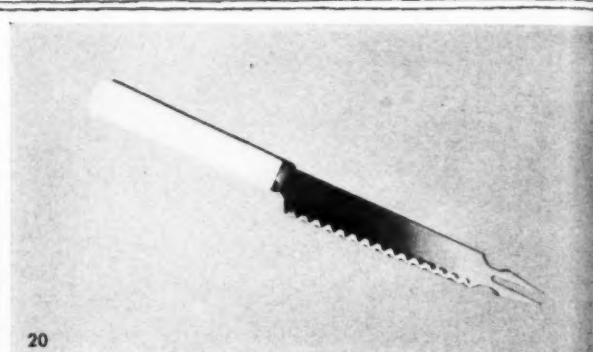
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*Plus 10% federal tax

17. Pieces of silver...perfect for Mother or yourself. Right: Lyric lemon fork \$4.25 or jelly server \$6.50. Left: Greenbrier cheese server \$6 or pickle fork \$4.75; Gorham sterling; Black, Starr & Gorham, New York 19

19. Present for an executive...and who better than Dad? Sheaffer Tip-Dip desk pen, handsome and sleekly efficient for home or office. Base and pen in shiny black with gold-filled pen frame. \$5. Rich's, Atlanta

21. For Mother's little helper, a Baker's Pastry Set. Don't expect prize-winning cakes but she'll love the utensils that really work, bright labeled canisters to hold her ingredients. \$1.98, Gimbels, New York 1

18. Boys will be boys and they like their toiletries streamlined, not too sweet. Just the thing, Shulton's Old Spice talcum, face lotion, smartly contained in a handsome box; \$2.* Arnold Constable, New York 16

20. Something new to please an entertaining lady... A serrated, stainless steel knife adept at the most delicate slicing; the forked tip for handy pickup, \$1.95. Berg Hedstrom, Dept. J, 79 Wall St., New York 5

22. Magic talking books to charm a youngster. Imagine a book that can be played on a phonograph! Washable sound-track cover...picture stories inside; for ages 3-10. Three for \$1.47, Spencer Gifts, Atlantic City

Here is your own department in the magazine. Send us your best original short stories, nonfiction, poems, photographs, and drawings. See page 66 for details



First poetry award

Portrait

*Messy in his working clothes,
Daddy, legs astraddle on an
oil-spotted creeper
Worked feverishly on a two-tone blue
Chevrolet
In his little, dust-coated shop.*

*His sandy hair had drops of grease in it,
His hands were almost black,
And he was so very absorbed in his toil,
That it seemed almost to be a form
of religious devotion.*

*It's a hard job with no future,
But he likes it
And it's as much a part of him
As his head.*
Ellen Huddleston (age 15) Santa Maria, Calif.

First fiction award

The escape

Now there is only hunger and fear. I no longer am given bones as in the Days Before. There is a little meat and at night my belly is empty and the pains make me whine.

The Two-legs are thin and changed, the Small One is not noisy now. He does not laugh and play with me. At night I hear him cry and then the Quiet One goes to him and sometimes gives him a piece of bread.

The fear is great. I can smell it in the air. Sometimes the fear is stronger, when the Gray Ones with guns pass outside.

Tonight the Big One comes in early. I smell the fear but also something else—excitement. He talks with the Quiet One, and she pulls a basket from under the bed. There is food in the basket. The Small One is worried. He points to me and talks to the Big One. He cries. Then the Big One nods his head. He takes cloth and ties my muzzle. It hurts and I can't bark. But my belly is empty and hurts too.

When the stars are bright and the

Gray Ones have passed we leave the house. I am tired but the Big One pulls me with a rope. We leave the village and walk through the woods. We walk all night. The Small One falls and is carried. When the gray creeps in from the distance and begins to hide the stars we stop. I see a big fence ahead of us. It is made of wire. The Two-legs fall down to the ground but I smell strangers and am alert. Soon I see two Gray Ones with big guns walk along the fence, but I can't bark. They pass and then the Big One runs to the fence. The Quiet One is tense and her fear and excitement are in the air. Now the Big One waves his hand and there is a hole in the fence that was not there before. The Quiet One jumps up and runs through the hole with the Small One and me. Then the Big One comes with the basket.

We go into the woods and sit down. The Small One is crying but the Quiet One smiles now and gives him some bread and cheese. Then she and the Big One eat and talk and laugh. They give me a bone with meat on it. It is the first bone I have had since the Days Before. But now the fear is gone and the air is clean and good. My belly is full and I sleep.

Joan Lamb (age 15) Pasadena, Calif.

First nonfiction award

Worlds

My world is a shining white world, a world that smells of disinfectants and bustles with the activity of men and women dedicated to their work of saving others despite themselves. I am a nurse.

My world is filled with long hours of practice and rehearsal, a world glamorous on the outside, with expensive clothes, would-be friends, and parties, but a world full of hard work and sometimes heartbreak on the inside. I am an actress.

My world is a bright, exciting and glamorous world. A world filled with the bustle of (Continued on page 62)

First art award

Rea Anderson (age 16) Longmont, Colorado



First photography award

Sandra Draper (age 12)
Colorado Springs, Colorado



The Water Witch

By Annette Turngren



The story so far

Vicky Latimer, who has been vacationing in Arizona with Sara McGovern, found Jed, Sara's young uncle, very attractive. Jed hoped to finance his third year at the Colorado School of Mines by featuring his trained mare, the Water Witch, in "Wagons," a motion picture being made at a nearby location. On a visit to the Grand Canyon Vicky, Sara, and Jed ran into the "Wagons" company—glamorous star Charlotte Haven; Bert Oldham, producer; Hal Douglas, leading man; and Miles Clifton, an actor. Jed took a lot of teasing about his prospecting for uranium. Vicky thought she saw someone tampering with Jed's car and, on the return trip, it broke down. When they finally reached home they found the Water Witch gone! Wide search failed to find any trace of the mare until Vicky thought she saw her at the hogan of Tomba, the Indian boy from whom Jed had bought her. But the horse at the reservation proved not to be the Witch. Meanwhile the camera Vicky had lost at the Canyon was returned in the mail by somebody named Smith. When the film in it was developed, the one unexposed shot had been used and the print clearly showed the Witch in a strange corral.

Jed took a step upward to stand beside her. "Think about me once in a while, too, will you?"

Part five

Where to find that corral fence! Vicky wondered if any assignment could be more hopeless. Jed, almost forcibly restrained from setting off by himself in the jalopy, was persuaded to let the girls do the driving for him. He wouldn't let them rest for a minute. Bobby, who had reported that the Witch or a horse just like her was safe in the reservation corral, and the two younger boys volunteered to make a survey of every fence in the canyon. On Sunday Sara's parents piled the children into the station wagon and joined in the search.

Jed stewed and fumed. "I can't go snooping around the canyon, acting like a Hawkshaw, and what if Bobby and the kids don't recognize the fence when they see it?"

"Relax, General," Sara said. "That fence isn't in the canyon. We know our neighbors. Can you imagine one of them stealing the Witch?"

Jed rubbed his head. "No, I can't. But what do you suggest? Canvassing the State for someone named Smith?" He had talked to the postmaster at Holbrook by telephone, and come up with a blank. "All the postmaster can say for certain is that whoever mailed the camera didn't have two heads and wasn't a talking dog. So where are we?"

"We're on our way to the reservation," Sara said calmly. "And you're going to eat crow, my fine lad, and humble pie and all the rest of it. If Tomba speaks to you at all, he's a saint. And if he lends you that horse, I'll eat it."

"Maybe it isn't his to lend," Jed said gloomily.

Mr. Oldham had rejected the idea of the stand-in horse, but he had said if Jed thought he could train her to do the same stunts in the water that the Witch had mastered, he'd think it over. At least the exodus to Hollywood was being delayed for a few days. "He expects her to learn in one day what it took the Witch two summers to perfect," Jed said.

Vicky still clung to the hope that somehow, somewhere, they would come upon that corral fence, but when she had told Jed about Charlotte's insistence that the camera had been in the Oldham car on the way back from the Grand Canyon, he had brushed the whole thing aside. "Let's keep Charlotte out of this," he had said curtly.

"You tell me why that picture was taken," Sara said now as they neared Tomba's hogan. "and I'll solve the whole mystery for you."

Tomba wasn't at home, his sister said. He was off with the sheep. She pointed vaguely into the distance.

There was nothing but a faint wagon track across the

mesa. Jed made the girls move over and got behind the wheel himself. "Takes a jeep to get around out here," he said. "So we'll pretend we have a jeep. Hang on."

They spotted the small flock at the base of a stony ridge. Jed drove as close to it as he could, but there was still a good quarter of a mile to walk. Tomba made no move to come to meet them, and Vicky knew each step over the uneven, rocky ground must be a strain for Jed.

She didn't want to hear what he said to Tomba; she couldn't bear to see him eat crow and humble pie and all the rest. She seated herself on a rock a little distance away and kept her eyes on the flock of sheep. At the barbecue the other night one of the boys had strummed a guitar, and now a line of the song he had sung came back to her. "You don't know what lonesome is till you take to herding cows." Or sheep, she thought. If only there were hills and trees to rest one's eyes on. But this land was relentless. Such overwhelming beauty in Arizona, and yet so much bitter, barren, sun-baked dreariness. No wonder that Sara, living in her cool and lovely canyon, was fired with zeal to even things somehow, at least to help the Navajo children to an education.

When she heard Jed say, "But can you leave your sheep to drive back with us?" Vicky glanced up. Tomba was smiling. Sara was smiling. And Jed, though he wasn't smiling, looked relieved. Tomba must have forgiven him and would lend him the horse. Vicky got to her feet.

"You can't borrow the horse unless I do go back with you," Tomba said, his troubled glance resting uneasily on his sheep.

"Would you trust me to stay with them?" Vicky asked.

Sara gave her a swift glance. "Vicky and I will both stay if you can drive the car back here, Tomba."

The Navajo boy shook his head.

"Okay, then I'd better go along," Sara said.

For all the notice the sheep took of her, she might not have been there. Vicky thought after the others had gone. And what they found to eat under the rocks, she couldn't imagine. She hugged her knees and looked off at the horizon. That gray puff of dust was the Rambling Wreck. Except for the sheep, it was the only sign of life on the mesa.

Even though Jed didn't want Charlotte involved, it seemed to Vicky that some notice ought to be taken of her suspicions of Hal. But Jed had been just as unwilling to listen to them as to Charlotte's idea about the camera. "If Hal said he hadn't seen the camera, that's that," he had said. "As for what his name is, I know what his name is. It's Logan. The studio changed it, maybe because they didn't want people running it together into Hal Logan, Hello Again, or some such."

"All right, what's Miles Clifton's name?" Vicky had asked with spirit.

"It's Miles Clifton, smarty," Jed had grinned at her.

"And what is there in the plot of 'Wagons' that requires tin pails to be scattered all over the mesa?"

But Jed couldn't help her there. "I just rode a horse, I didn't run the show," he had said. "As for Miles picking up the junk and tidying up, as he put it, that figures. He's sort of made himself Bert Oldham's right-hand man. I think he has a little of his own money invested in that picture. In some ways he's a lot steadier than Mr. Oldham."

I'm glad Mr. Oldham does veer with the wind. Vicky thought now. If Miles was running the show, they'd have pulled out before this, but Mr. Oldham changes his mind half a dozen times a day. Which is lucky for Jed. I hope.

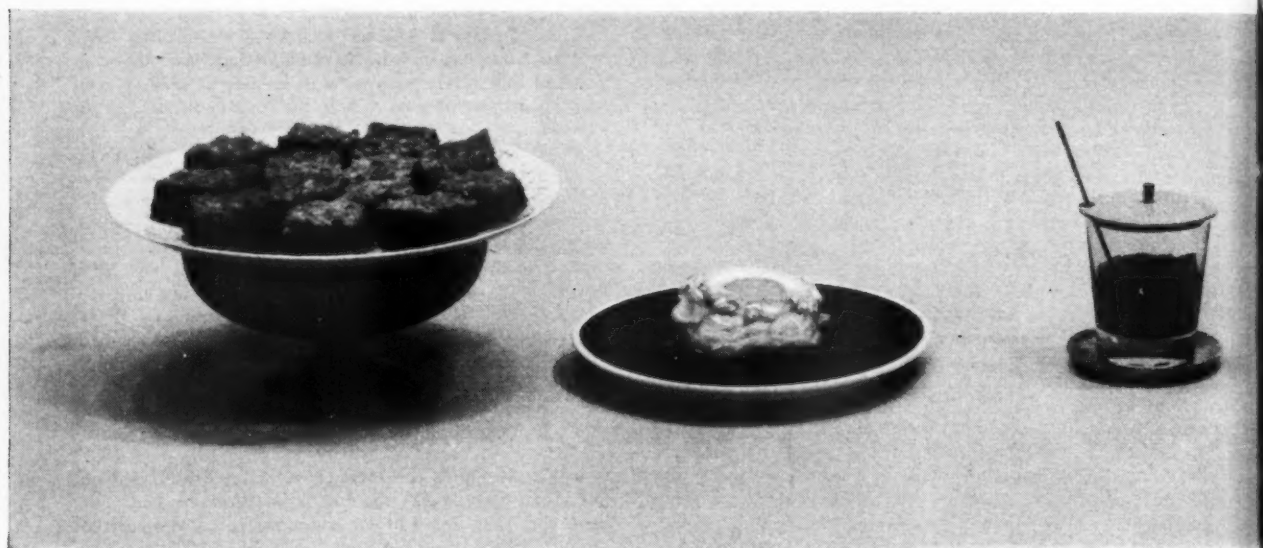
She was relieved when Sara came (Continued on page 36)

Illustration by Will Davies

By Alice C. Sanderson

Cooking with Judy

*From far and near, readers of The American Girl have sent
our teen-age cook their favorite recipes*



From left to right: Matrimony cake or date squares; egg nests; apple chutney; New England roast

“Where are you, Miss Sanderson?” called Judy. “The door was open, so I came right in. I’m all ready for some of those recipes from our readers.”

“I’m in the kitchen,” answered Miss Sanderson, the home economist who is showing Judy how to cook and love it. “It’s a good thing we spent yesterday afternoon sorting the recipes our readers sent in for the foods we talked about in the March through June issues. What a pile there was!”

“And how hard it was to choose. There were so many good ones, from all over the United States, even from England.”

“It certainly wasn’t easy,” Miss Sanderson agreed. “Now, suppose we start right off with a March recipe for an egg dish. This one from Barbara Schaefer of Toledo, Ohio, would be very good for a brunch or luncheon.”

Fluffy egg nests

6 slices bread	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Butter or margarine	Dash pepper
6 eggs	1 cup grated American cheese

Toast bread on both sides and spread lightly with butter or margarine. Separate eggs, dropping whites into mixing

bowl. Leave yolks in a half shell or drop each into a separate custard cup. Add seasonings to egg whites. Beat until stiff enough to form sharp peaks. Heap on toast slices. Make hollow in center of each mound. Slip an egg yolk into each hollow. Sprinkle cheese over eggs. Bake in preheated, moderate oven (350°) 15 minutes, or until whites are lightly browned and yolks are done to your taste. Serves 6.

“Let’s take the months in order,” suggested Judy. “April would be next.”

“And that would be cookies,” Miss Sanderson laughed. “I know you can’t wait to try those.”

“Especially the one Mary Grace sent from Romulus, Michigan. Didn’t you love what she said about her recipe? ‘These date squares were also called Matrimony Cake, because to catch a man, you served him some.’”

Matrimony cake or date squares

1 cup shortening	1 cup brown sugar
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups quick-cooking oats	(firmly packed)
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour	2 teaspoons baking powder
	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

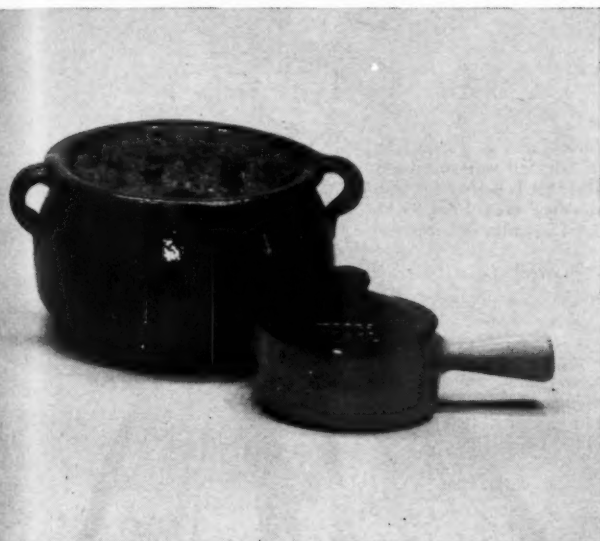
If shortening is hard, let stand at room temperature until softened. Combine all ingredients in a bowl. Mix or rub to make a crumb mixture. Spread half the mixture in bottom of 8"x8"x2" pan. Cover with filling. Spread remaining crumb mixture over filling. Bake in moderate oven (350°) until golden brown. Cut into squares to serve.

Filling:

2 cups pitted dates ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup water

Combine ingredients in a sauce pan. Cook over medium heat until soft.

"You never can have too many cooky recipes," Miss Sanderson remarked.



Its photo; Accessories, Bloomingdale's

"This one from Emily Getsinger of Phoenix, Arizona, sounds good, and different."

"Quick and easy, too," added Judy. "A good recipe to have when you need to make a batch of cookies in a hurry."

Honey lemon cookies

2 cups flour ¾ cup honey
2 teaspoons baking powder 1 egg, beaten
½ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon grated
½ cup shortening lemon rind (or)
 ½ teaspoon lemon juice

Combine dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Add remaining ingredients one at a time. Blend well. Form dough into small balls. Bake on greased cooky sheet at 375° about ten minutes.

"The May recipes, you remember, were for things which could be made and sold for pin-money projects," said Miss Sanderson. "This recipe we chose is especially good, because the ingredients are easy to get and inexpensive, and it doesn't take long to make."

"That would be the recipe Ann Earl sent all the way from Potters' Bar, England," exclaimed Judy. "I remember that she said she was introduced to the chutney in an Old-World farmhouse by a woman who remembered the days when making chutney was a major part of a countrywoman's cooking skill. I think I'll suggest that my Scout troop make some for our next fund-raising project."

Apple chutney

4 pounds cooking apples 2 teaspoons salt
1 pound (2 cups) sugar ½ ounce curry powder
6 medium onions (2 tablespoons)
½ pound raisins (1 cup) ½ ounce cayenne pepper
 1 pint vinegar

Peel and core apples and cut into small pieces. Add sugar and cook over low heat until apples are soft. Chop onions very fine. If raisins are large, cut into smaller pieces. Combine apples, onions, and raisins with remaining ingredients. Use one tablespoon each of curry and pepper and then taste. Add second tablespoon if you want it more highly seasoned. Bring to a boil and cook gently until soft. Cool. Ladle into sterilized jars and seal.

"Wasn't it exciting to see how many recipes we received in June for reflector-oven dishes?" asked Miss Sanderson. "I really was surprised, and pleased, too, to discover the many different kinds of food our readers know how to cook on these fireplace or campfire ovens. Let's take this main-dish recipe from Jane Ann Flack of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. A New England dish from Pennsylvania—recipes certainly do get around!"

New England roast

2 cans baked beans 1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 cup grated cheese 1 onion, chopped fine
1 egg, beaten ½ teaspoon salt

Mash beans. Add remaining ingredients and blend thoroughly. Bake in reflector oven 30 minutes, or until mixture bubbles. (In a regular oven, bake at 375° for 30 minutes.) Serve with:

Tomato sauce:

1 can concentrated tomato soup, undiluted 1 tablespoon chopped onion
 ½ cup grated cheese

Heat soup. Add onion and cheese. Simmer 10 minutes to blend. Serves 4.

"This reflector-oven recipe that Gerrie Dine Chapman sent from Lakewood, Colorado, sounds delicious," said Judy. "Just imagine, she says, 'We have baked this cake at an altitude of nine thousand feet, and it turned out wonderful.'"

Orange cake delight

1 package orange cake mix 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)
¼ pound butter 1 package coconut

Make cake batter according to package directions. Melt butter and brown sugar together in a light cake pan. Stir in coconut. Pour batter over mixture. Bake in reflector oven, turning as needed to bake evenly.

"You will want all these for your file," said Miss Sanderson, handing Judy copies of the (Continued on page 58)

Holiday mood

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Drawings by Florence Maier

9202: Long-torso lines — wonderfully slimming—and a full, full skirt for a gay whirl make a dress that is perfect for holiday dates or everyday wear. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 will take 4½ yards 39" material

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4831

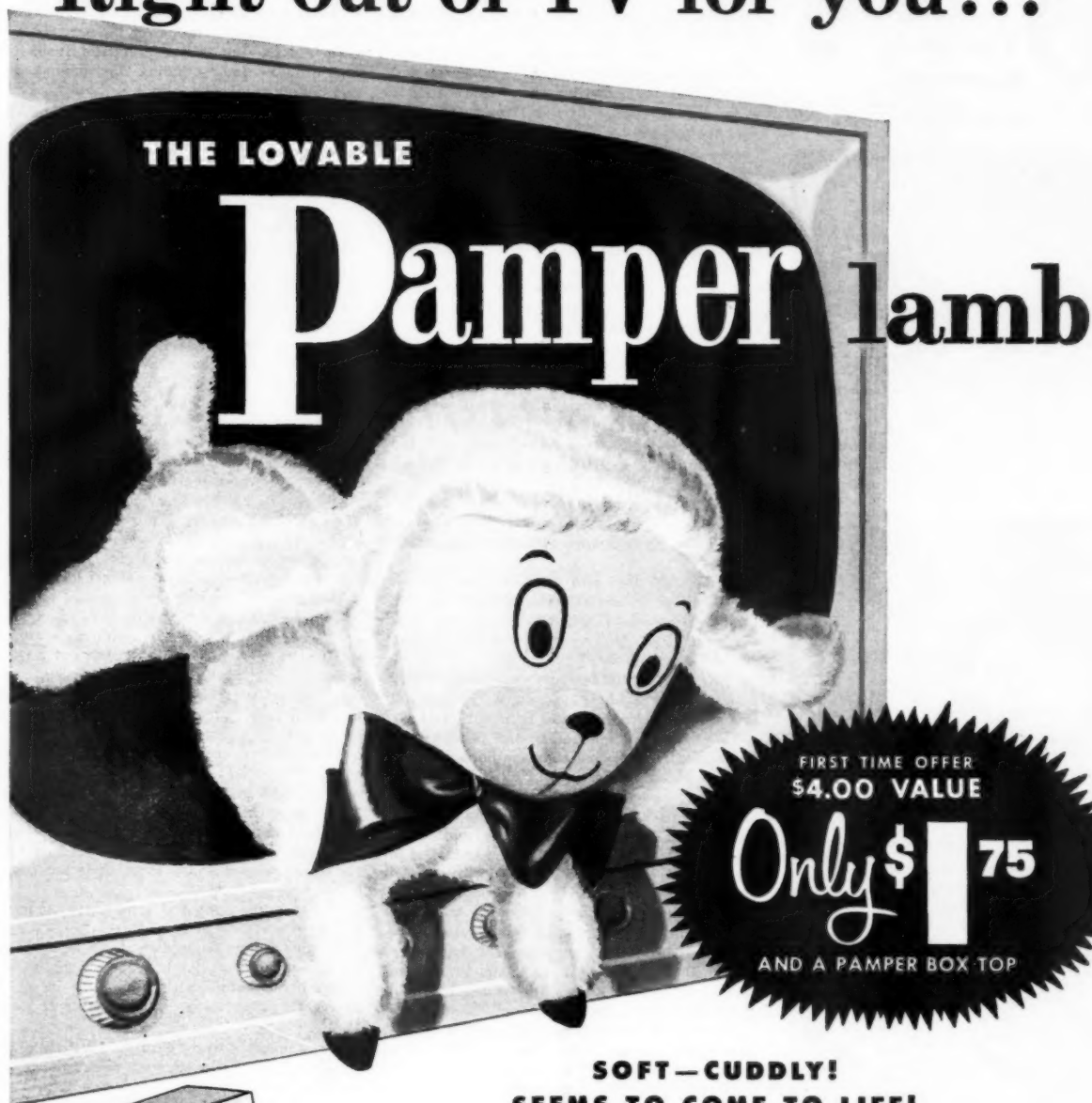
4831: Crisp white collar and cuffs underscore the smart simplicity of this dress. For a bright winter note try an Avondale plaid. Sizes 10-16. Size 12 needs 4¾ yards 35" material

Back views and clipout order form on page 46. These patterns may be ordered from the address given on the order form. Be sure to enclose the correct amount (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and to give the size. We will pay the postage.



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The Water Witch (Continued from page 31)

ouncing back over the rough trail with Tomba in the seat beside her. "Jed's determined to ride that horse back to the ranch," she told Vicky when she had returned Tomba to his sheep and the two girls were driving away. "She's a sister to the Witch; that's why they're so much alike. And though she isn't Tomba's, he managed to borrow her for Jed. If Jed hadn't made Tomba feel as though he were under suspicion, this might all have been arranged the other day. Owing up to his mistakes won't hurt Jed a bit."

Vicky said nothing. She couldn't think of anything flip and funny to say, and if she spoke what was in her mind, Sara might think she was head over heels interested in that favorite uncle of hers. And maybe I am, Vicky mused. But I'm going to have to get over it.

They passed Jed before they were off the reservation. This time he had brought a saddle, and the horse was loping along as if she enjoyed it. Jed waved to them as they drew near. "Talked her into it, did you?" Sara called.

"We've been discussing the prospects," Jed nodded. "She says anything the Witch can do, she can do."

"Oh, fine. Then all your worries are over."

"Not quite," Jed said mildly. "I'd kind of like to find my own horse. On your way, girls."

The next day Jed and the new horse set off for the river. "He won't want us watching him, I'm sure," Sara said, "but what he doesn't know won't hurt him. And we don't want him kicked around again, do we?"

"Are you trying to persuade me?" Vicky asked. "I'm way ahead of you. We'll keep out of sight, but we're going to be there."

They were, hidden among the trees. Again and again they saw Jed coax the horse into the water, without a saddle now. He had stripped to his swimming trunks, and with infinite patience he led her back into the pool, coaxing, pleading, reassuring. The water was not for her. Every ripple startled her, and though Jed managed to get her to swim a few strokes, she was still afraid. He swam beside her, he brought her up again on the bank and rewarded her with gentle pats and admiring praise. She nuzzled him, she seemed to trust him, but she hated the water. In one of their trial swims he slid an arm about her neck and flipped himself onto her back. She turned, wild-eyed, toward the bank, and Jed wisely coasted off and let her go. She didn't go far before Jed had her back again, once more soothing and cajoling.

"I can't stand it," Sara whispered suddenly in Vicky's ear. "Let's go home."

"Not until he gives up," Vicky said. She couldn't stand it either, but she could stand it less to go home and leave Jed to his dangerous sport. But Jed had given up the struggle for that day, she realized, when he began to rub the horse down, all the time talking to her.

"Let's go," Sara said again, and Vicky made no protest.

Jed only shrugged when later that day they asked him how the swimming lesson had gone. "Oh, well, it's the first try," Sara said cheerfully.

The next day he set off again, but the girls didn't follow him. The day was endless, it seemed to Vicky. When Jed returned, he barely answered their questions.

"I'm licked, Bert," Vicky heard him say over the telephone that evening. "She hasn't got it. She tries, she's a doll, but it just isn't in her. I'd have to work with her a whole summer."

"And that he hasn't got," Sara said glumly to Vicky. "Why can't we find that idiotic fence?"

"Even if we found it, the Witch might not be inside it by now," Vicky said.

She was looking out over the patio. Inside the open window Jed, sounding discouraged, was still talking to Mr. Oldham.

We've run around like beavers hunting for that fence, Vicky thought desperately. But Sara's right. If we knew why that picture was taken, maybe we'd know who took it, and then we'd get somewhere. If it was Hal, was he trying to let us know the Witch is alive and safe? She felt as though the answer was just beyond her, that she had only to think a little harder.

Jed was talking again. Vicky stiffened. Maybe it was eavesdropping, but she didn't care. He knew they were out on the patio. "Charley?" he said. "Jed. Need a half-baked mechanic in your garage for what's left of the summer? ... Of course I don't, but I need the dough ... Okay, see you tomorrow."

"Well!" said Sara from the shadows. "At last our boy is being sensible."

"Is he?" Vicky asked in a choked voice. "Is it sensible to go back to that stupid old garage and give up everything he's—"

She couldn't go on. The tears were too close.

"Look," Sara tried to reason with her. "There's a time to be realistic, Vicky. He has almost two months before he has to go back to school. And he's lucky Charley will take him back."

"He hates it," Vicky's voice shook.

"He can't live in a dream forever," Sara said.

They heard Jed take the stairs to his room, and presently Sara's mother came out on the patio. "We're losing our star boarder." She didn't sound very happy about it. "Jed's packing. He'll have to leave the hunt for the Witch to you girls, I'm afraid."

There was silence on the patio. Finally Sara asked, "Why can't he drive back and forth the way he did last summer?"

"He says the Rambling Wreck has had it; the tires and motor and some other thingumajig are ready for the scrap heap. I'd let him take the station wagon, but when your father comes home, he'll need that."

"What are we supposed to do about the horse Jed borrowed?" Sara asked.

"I don't know. Right now Jed's being stubborn, but he'll work out of it. I guess Mr. Oldham was tough with him. He's in a big swivet, throwing things into his suitcase."

Vicky's cheeks were burning. Whether Jed stayed at home or in Prescott wasn't the point, she thought. That he should have to go to a job he hated, that he should have to abandon his struggle, his dreams—that was what hurt. But if she tried to talk to him now, he'd probably throw things at her as well as at the suitcase. If only Sara's father were there—but he'd had to fly to the Coast. He was the only one, according to Sara, who could get Jed to listen to reason.

When she had a chance to slip away from the patio, she hurried up the stairs to her room. Jed's door was open and Jed himself was glowering at her from the doorway.

Vicky had meant to be very calm and reasonable, but the sight of him in his town clothes, the dark, angry glare he threw her, made her lose her head completely.

"You can't go," she said breathlessly.

"Who says I can't?"

"Jed, I don't care what Mr. Oldham says, you've got to listen to me, just once!"

"Bert Oldham won't listen, why should I?" But he came out into the hall and waited.

"Look, Jed." Her voice was quivering, but she went on. "That day at the Grand Canyon. You

wouldn't believe that anyone had tampered with the car, but on the way home you had to admit someone might have put something in the gas tank, didn't you? That man I saw in the parking lot—he could have been Hal Douglas. Oh, please listen!" she cried when he turned away, disgusted.

"Hal's my friend. I'm not going to listen to talk like that, Vicky."

"Hal had my camera down at the bottom of the trail," Vicky rushed on. "There was such a rush, I don't remember. Charlotte insists it was in their car; she *saw* it, Jed."

"You can tell Charlotte for me to go jump in the lake."

"I thought you liked her."

For the first time the grim look left Jed's face. "I do. But she can go jump in the lake all the same. She can swim." He almost smiled. "You don't know the half of it, Vicky. That romance of hers with Hal is on again, off again, all the time. Why do you suppose she dragged me off to look at the rocks down in the Canyon? To make Hal jealous, of course. That's why she wanted me to go square dancing with her. Maybe she's cooking up some yarn to make trouble for him, so she can be a shoulder to weep on. Maybe she's just sore at him, I don't know!"

"Why didn't you go square dancing with her?" Vicky asked, her cheeks flaming.

"I didn't want to. I'll do my own asking."

"In Prescott? While you're stuck down in some black old grease pit?"

"Well, for pete's sake, it's a job, isn't it? Don't start feeling sorry for me, or I'll hop you, so help me." He grinned then, and picked up his suitcase. "I've got to scram. Maybe I'll be back next Sunday. Behave yourself, Vicky. I might take you square dancing when I get this knee limbered up."

"What—what about the Witch, Jed? And the other horse?"

His face darkened again. He set the bag down on the top step.

"Just let the other horse take it easy for a while. It won't hurt her to stand around and eat her head off, she's so thin. I'll return her to Tomba when I come up again. As for the Witch—" He looked away. "I suppose anyone with sense would give up, but I don't intend to. If she's alive, I'll find her." He turned back to Vicky. "I'm going to do some hard thinking while I'm down in that grease pit. What are you going to be doing, Vicky?"

"Some hard thinking," she said, and smiled.

"That's my girl." Jed took another step upward, until he stood beside her. And then he kissed her gently. "Think about me once in a while, too, will you?" he said, and before Vicky could recover from her surprise, he had gone down the stairs.

Vicky was still standing in the hall lost in thought, when Sara came up.

"Well!" said Sara. "Somebody tamed the raging lion, and my guess is it was you. He went off sweet and mild as a lamb. I'm still dazed."

"So am I," Vicky mumbled, and fled to her room, followed by Sara's knowing chuckle.

Think hard. For a long time she couldn't settle down to think about anything but the singing happiness she felt. The happiness didn't wear off; it was a warm and steady glow. But the need to do something to help Jed was there too, and she began to work at it. Think hard. Had there been any connection between the man in the parking lot that day at the Grand Canyon and what had happened later? Fix the car, delay them, steal the Witch while they were gone? Or was it coincidence?

Doggedly, Vicky went over everything that she could remember of that day: Her surprise

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when she saw Hal at the foot of the trail; her realization that all three of them, Hal and Miles and Bert Oldham were wearing almost the same outfit as Jed; that the man she had mistaken for Jed might have been almost anyone. She went over their conversation on the bank of the Colorado, the things she had said about Jed and the Witch, how disturbed she had been when the conversation got off on uranium, and Jed's riches, and all that nonsense. Mr. Oldham had made fun of it. Or had he? Hal was the one who seemed to put most stock in it.

Well, the uranium had nothing to do with the Witch, that was certain. No use getting sidetracked. Suppose one of the three had picked up the camera, that Charlotte had seen it in the car, that someone in that car had taken the picture and knew where the Witch was. Would Mr. Oldham ruin his own picture in which he had money invested? Maybe his plan was to get Jed out of the way, and then have someone else ride the Witch. But no one else could make her perform, and Mr. Oldham knew it. Besides, Vicky couldn't see Mr. Oldham stealing a horse. It was all too silly.

She couldn't imagine Miles doing anything like that either. Jed had said he was dependable, steady. And why should he steal the Witch? Because he was jealous of Jed, or Hal, and wanted the picture to be a flop? But he had money invested in it, too. And look at how fussy he was about "tidying up" and salvaging all the equipment. That day she had seen him coming across the mesa with the pail in his hand. Tidying up. Only his car was a mess, with the pickax and rope and all that. Why they

would have used a pickax she couldn't imagine, but maybe there was a scene in "Wagons" that required one. Some scene at the abandoned mine, perhaps. That mine. Digging wealth out of the rocks, the way Hal believed Jed would be doing, after he proved up on that claim. Uranium.

Oh, dear, Vicky thought, I just go around in circles. Hal's the one, I know he is; he's jealous of Jed and that's why he whisked the horse away. And sent back the camera. And asked all those questions about whether I'd received it safely. Jealous of Jed. She remembered Hal, peeling the orange on the bank of the Colorado, tossing the rinds into the water. He had been watching Charlotte and Jed, just as she had been. Had he been thinking that if Jed were out of the way—Jed and his wonderful horse and his uranium deposit which was going to make him fabulously rich—he'd have Charlotte to himself?

It wasn't a happy thought. And she was as far from helping Jed as she had ever been, she thought, turning her pillow to find a cool spot. Or was she? Maybe she had the answer almost within her grasp. She kept coming back to that uranium business. Nobody had ever thought of that when they were trying to find a reason for the theft of the Witch. It was farfetched, she supposed, and yet—where had Jed been the day the Geiger counter had jumped a foot and turned and bit him, as Hal put it? It didn't really matter, she thought. But how Jed would scoff if she told him that someone might have believed that nonsense! Thinking of Jed, she fell asleep at last. (To be concluded)

Plan for a second date! (Continued from page 20)

you launch an evening of fun, a prelude to others.

Let's see. First of all you'll be yourself—not a Madcap Marcy whose chitter-chatter sends everyone mentally scurrying for cotton to stuff in their ears—or better—Marcy's mouth! Certainly you'll make your contribution to the conversation, introduce new subjects when talk lags, but you won't seize the spotlight for an endurance trial of your conversational powers!

You won't turn Glamorous Gwendolyn either. She's the girl who frantically decides that sophistication is the answer to all her uncertainties about that first date with her dream man. Poor Gwen—if she only knew: girls who affect the lifted eyebrow, bored-with-it-all routine put boys in a deep freeze. Thankfully, you realize it's silly to try to change your everyday personality—which got you the date in the first place—into a watered-down siren approach!

Nor is Jittery Jane your model. You know Jane—the girl who's desperately trying to make a good impression, and it's written all over her. She smiles too brightly, jumps at every word, agrees without even listening. She twists her paper napkin into bits, chews her nails, taps and fidgets with her toes, and is constantly combing her hair and redoing her make-up. No wonder she scares the fellows!

Know Clingy Celeste? She drapes herself around her date as though grasping at a straw in the storm. Even on first date, she's so possessive she turns green when anyone so much as looks at her man! Because she's so clingy her chances for date number two are about zero.

You've eight minutes left . . .

Now's the time to run over some of the things you and the boy friend will talk about.

You like football. But he's more interested in tennis and track. Naturally, you'll plan to talk about his favorite sports. He'll be flattered because you know something about them. What

are his other interests? Bugs and butterflies? Electronics? Jazz or the classics? You know because you've made it a point to find out beforehand. And you'll show him you're interested by conversing intelligently.

You didn't know a Jaguar from an MG (we're in the car category now) but you found out! Let him discuss the finer points of distinction during the evening. He wants to tell you about himself and his interests—make it easier by knowing a little on the subjects yourself. Then you'll be a better listener.

You'll show him you're fun to be with by giving some of your attention to the others too! Boys dread the trapped feeling that comes when they're subjected to starry glances and sugary whispers. You'll be on safer ground if you keep your attitude bright, light, and not too personal. If he sees you having fun with the group, he'll conclude that you're fun to be with. Naturally you wouldn't dare make an unfriendly remark about anyone else—boys loathe feline tendencies in girls. There is nothing that chills a boy more quickly than a catty remark about another girl or boy.

Four minutes to go . . .

A check with your mirror—hair brushed and shining in your usual hairdo (this isn't the time to try out bangs if you normally go fringeless); make-up subdued, complementing not dominating your appearance; clothes neat and immaculate. Jeans for that weiner roast? Turn up the cuffs evenly. Fingernails clean? How about a clean hankie in your pocket?

There you are, ready for the most important date in history! You're sure to have a good time because you are relaxed, looking your best. It all adds up to a plan—plenty of time for dressing, the right thing to wear, a storehouse of conversable topics, and most important—you'll be yourself. Not much doubt about that second date! You've got a winning combination!

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The slamming door (Continued from page 15)

room and picked up a book she had wanted to read for a long time. It was good, and it finally captured her attention. When she finished, she heard voices downstairs, and realized her dad was back from the baseball game. Mom would be having supper soon; she could smell the meat cooking.

She slid to her feet, combed back her hair without looking at it, and started for the stairs. Then she heard her name and paused. Was everybody talking about her behind her back—even her own parents?

"... so moody and unhappy. Oh, I could just kill that Cleo! I knew she was bad for Raynelle, acting so sophisticated and silly. But I never dreamed she'd take Hal away. I thought she really liked Raynelle."

"Oh, she probably did," said Raynelle's father. "But that kind of girl thinks first of herself. Mark my word, Hal will soon drop her. Her own pleasure will always come first. But don't worry about Raynelle. Our daughter is a smart girl. She'll figure out the right answer. Just give her time."

"You're probably right, dear," her mother agreed more serenely.

Raynelle stood still at the top of the stairs. The right answer? What was the right answer, the right thing to do, when your best friend walked off with your boy friend? And not only that, but acted so callous and hateful about it, as though she had never cared for you?

It wasn't just the loss of Hal that had upset her so. It was that Cleo was no longer there to talk to, to laugh with, to plan things with, to sit with in the Dixieland and compare ideas, talk about the future. Where would she find another girl to be her best friend?

She didn't want another. One was "quite enough. And since that one had betrayed her...

She went down to supper when her mother called, but she couldn't eat much. Her father described the baseball game, and kept up the conversation with them till the meal was over. Silently, she helped her mother with the dishes, then went back up to her room.

Once again she sat huddled in the window seat. All over town girls were dressing for the Formal. In her closet hung the dress she would have worn, the pink net with little golden butterflies sprinkled over it. Hal would have sent her pink roses. What would he send to Cleo? Orchids?

Her father's words bothered her. "She'll figure out the right answer." What was the right answer?

Down at the Dixieland she supposed there would be a few kids who hadn't gone to the Formal. If she went down, it would be very obvious that she hadn't gone to the Formal. Very obvious. And people would ask her, "Where's Hal? Break his leg?"

The right answer? She couldn't stay in seclusion the rest of her life. She couldn't hide in her room or in her books at school. She had to face her schoolmates sometime. Might as well get it over with.

She turned on the lights and looked at herself in the mirror. She didn't look happy, but her cheeks were pink as ever. Not mature, not smart, not chic—just sweet.

"Okay!" she said, savagely, out loud. "That's what I am. They can laugh all they want."

She went to the closet, and after much deliberation she picked out a pink plaid dress. Her father liked the dress very much, had often said it was just right with her blond hair and brown eyes.

She bathed and dressed, brushing her hair till it shone. The spring evening was cool, so she wore her light coat and took a scarf along. As she came down the stairs, her parents looked up from their chairs in the living room. "Raynelle?" Her mother looked startled.

Her father grinned at her. "You're looking very pretty."

"Thank you, Dad." The word "pretty" hurt, but she forced a smile for him. "I thought I'd go to the Dixieland for a while. I'll be home by eleven."

"All right, dear," said her mother.

She walked out the door alone. She wouldn't be stopping at Cleo's so they could go to Dixieland together. They wouldn't pick out a small table at one side, and order "Two cokes with lemon," and sit and talk all evening.

She wouldn't go to a table at all. She would go to the fountain, sit on a stool, and drink a coke very, very slowly.

It was just about the hardest thing she had ever done to walk down the lighted main street, pause at the door of the Dixieland, take a deep breath, then push open the door and walk in.

All the faces seemed to turn toward her; the unexpectedly large crowd appeared strange and completely unfamiliar. She smiled blindly, not seeing anyone clearly, and walked toward the soda fountain.

She sat on a stool, taking a deep breath, looking unseeingly toward Gus. "One coke with lemon," she said in a voice that sounded squeaky in her ears.

"Raynelle?" said a pleasant, deep voice behind her. She turned so quickly the stool tipped, but she kept her balance somehow.

"Oh—hello, Dick."

"Alicia and Bunny and the rest said to come on over with us."

"All—right." She even managed to smile back at him. He did have a nice smile, quick and friendly and warm. She liked his dark eyes, his black hair that somehow fell over his forehead. She took her coke from Gus and slid down from the stool.

He stood aside to let her walk in front of him toward the large table where two girls were waving at them.

"Hello, Alicia; hi, Bunny; hi, Ben; hi, Burt." She sank down in the chair Dick held for her, and wondered. Why aren't they at the dance? Why isn't Alicia with Martin, and Bunny with Scott? And why hadn't Ben and Burt and Dick gone to the dance? She had thought everybody was going.

She caught the drift of the conversation. "... in a summer theater," Dick was saying. "There's lots of talent here. Why, Alicia, the way you played Catherine in the junior play was great."

"Thanks," Alicia smiled. She was tall, blond-haired, interested in music. Raynelle had never felt she really knew Alicia. "I like acting, and I think it's a swell idea to form a summer theater group here. Raynelle, you've done some acting, haven't you?"

"A little—I always enjoyed it." Raynelle didn't try to join in the conversation very much. She sipped her coke, and listened to the eager talk, and smiled at them when they looked at her.

No one mentioned the Formal. No one asked about Hal or Cleo.

"—place to perform," Dick was saying. "Back home we had the plays in a big barn. Fixed up the floor, turned the stalls into dressing rooms. It was as much fun doing that as giving the plays."

Raynelle woke up. "We have a perfectly mammoth barn," she heard herself saying. "Dad keeps the car in it; otherwise it's just going to waste. Our place was a farm not long ago, you know."

"Oh, Raynelle, that would be perfect!" cried Alicia. She turned eagerly to the others. "I've seen it. It's just huge. And if your folks don't mind, we could start right in fixing it up. Do you think they'd mind?"

"I don't think so, but I'll ask tonight. I'll let you know Monday. Or—what about my calling you tomorrow afternoon? It's Sunday. Why don't you all come over and look at the barn, and see what can be done? Then next Saturday, we could start working."

"Swell, Wonderful!" "Paint? Whitewash?" "I'm handy with tools if I do say so myself." "Chairs? Benches? Curtains?"

"I can sew and we have a sewing machine," said Raynelle. She leaned forward, put her elbows on the table and cupped her chin in her hands, to listen intently. Ben was talking about the lights; Burt chimed in about the background scenery. "Dad could give us advice about that," Raynelle put in. "He's an artist." It was such a fascinating new idea that it put Cleo and Hal and the Formal completely out of her head.

Bunny drawled something funny, and they all laughed. Raynelle was still smiling when she looked over at Dick and caught him staring at her. His dark eyes were serious and intent, almost wondering. Then as they gazed at each other, he smiled, this time slowly, warmly.

She flushed, and finally looked away, a strange feeling tingling through her. They went on with their plans for the next day, and had talked for a long time when Raynelle finally said, "I have to leave. I told Mom I'd be home about eleven."

When she stood up, the boys stood up too. "We might as well all go. We live along the same way," said Alicia. So all of them walked down the street together.

Raynelle found herself between Ben and Dick, who were still talking about lights. "This is it," she said. "This is where I live."

They stopped. "Good night. See you tomorrow." "Good night, Raynelle."

"Good night!" She turned and ran up the steps and into the house. She heard their laughter fading away down the street.

Her parents looked up at her expectantly when she came in. Her mother asked anxiously, "Did you have a good time, dear?"

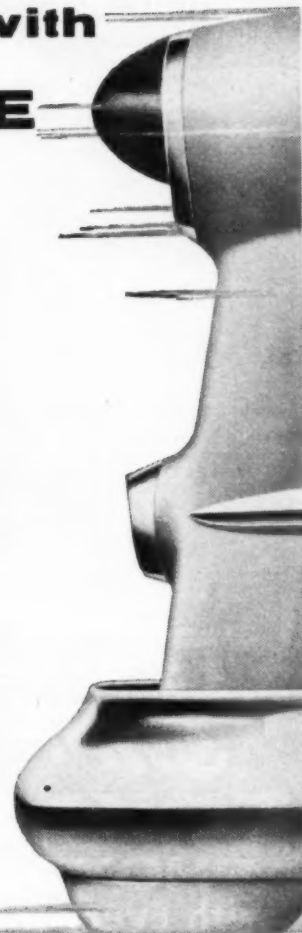
"Wonderful," said Raynelle, gaily. She leaned against the back of a chair and smiled at them. Sometimes, she was thinking, you imagine a door is slamming in your face. And all the time it's just a new door opening so fast and so wide that it hits you in the nose.



"We're on a scavenger hunt, Mrs. Schmidt... May we borrow Mr. Schmidt?"

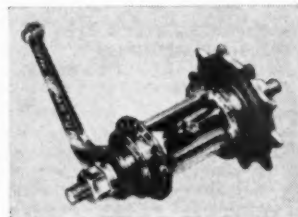
THE AMERICAN GIRL

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A penny for your thoughts

Lancashire, England: I think that I will be one of the few foreign AMERICAN GIRL readers who have been lucky enough to visit America as I have this year, and I thought that it would be novel for *A Penny for Your Thoughts* if I told of my impressions. As soon as I landed in New York I was struck by the number of cars, not to mention their colors, some being nice, others not so nice, and then, as we left New York, the wonderful, wide, well-kept roads. The amount and variety of food also made a great impression as did the general friendliness of everyone. One thing though, as an English reader, that I cannot become accustomed to, is the fact that your policemen are armed.

It quite disturbed my family and I whenever we visited the beaches to see many older women there, as back home very few people over thirty ever go into the water. Also there is the difference in pronunciation of certain words which seemed to provide great amusement for our American friends. Another thing is that I found the commercials hard to become accustomed to on your radio and television sets, but maybe I will have to get used to them as I believe we have them now on our television sets. Before I close I would like to send all my best wishes to the American and foreign readers of *The AMERICAN GIRL*, and I hope that many more girls will be able to visit America as I did.

Barbara Nuttall (age 16)

St. Paul, Minnesota: I am a new subscriber to your magazine, and I don't know how I ever got along without it.

The fashions are the most gorgeous I've ever seen.

What makes a Pretty Girl? was out of this world. I think it's important to know what other teen-agers think.

How about an article on the make-up girls from twelve to fifteen should wear? Also an article on dating?

A Penny for Your Thoughts is my favorite.

Sherry Sorensen (age 13)

New York, New York: I want to congratulate you on the excellent article *Three Girls and a Tent* by Celia Falcon. The drawings with which it was illustrated were also a pleasant change from the usual pictures of pretty girls. I enjoyed both the drawings and story especially because two years ago I traveled around England with my family in a car almost exactly like the one in the story. The only difference was that the sliding top of our car didn't slide.

I wish that you would have more articles like *Three Girls and a Tent*. It was a delightful change from your usual drippy stories about girls and boys, such as *Pink Lemonade*.

Jane Bradley

Manila, Arkansas: I really enjoyed *Three Girls and a Tent* and *The Wishing Cup* in the September issue. I can hardly wait for the next installment of *The Water Witch*. How about some articles for future grade-school teachers and also some articles on hair styles for long faces? *The AMERICAN GIRL* is tops on my list. Keep up the good work.

Judy Dennis (age 13)

Natick, Massachusetts: I would like to second the nomination of Sharon McGrayne from Baltimore, Maryland—why don't you have articles on how *The AMERICAN GIRL* is edited and such? It would be both interesting and educational as well as lots of fun. I have an idea for a feature for *The AMERICAN GIRL*. Each month you could have an article on holidays celebrated all over the world that month.

I would like to say that I enjoy most of the articles in *The AMERICAN GIRL*. The articles that I don't like as much, other girls like better. It all rounds off to be one of the best magazines I think there is!

Kitty Weissberg (age 11)

London, Ontario: We girls in Canada want to congratulate you on your splendid September issue. Several of my school chums read my *AMERICAN GIRLS* after I have finished with them, and they like them very much.

Your fashions are wonderful. Why not have an article on formal styles and tips for girls attending their first formal? I expect to be attending my first formal in November at a boys' private college. It is a Scottish cadet dance and the boys wear plaid kilts and red jackets with all the accessories too. An article like I mentioned would help me greatly as well as many other girls I know.

The stories *The Wishing Cup* and *The Gypos* were super. Keep up the good work.

Polly Wilson (age 16)

Flushing, New York: This summer I went to camp in Andes, New York. My summer would not have been complete if I hadn't received *The AMERICAN GIRL*.

I enjoyed reading *The Wishing Cup* and *Pink Lemonade* and wish you would print more stories like those. *The Wonderful Time* was especially good.

The first thing I read when I get *The AMERICAN GIRL* is *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I enjoy it because I feel it brings girls from all over the world together and that everyone feels equal—no matter what their race or creed.

Judy Hochman (age 12)

Göteborg, Sweden: I'm half American and half Swedish. I live in Göteborg, Sweden's second largest city. It has a little over two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. I go to a school called "Göteborg's Flagre Samskola" and I'm in what would be the tenth or eleventh grade in the U.S.A. My mother was born in Denton, Maryland. I have quite a lot of relatives over there. I have been in the United States three times. The last time was in the summer of 1954. I love America very much and hope to go to college there sometime, Swarthmore College, maybe. My mother went there.

I have been subscribing to *The AMERICAN GIRL* for almost three years now, and I have enjoyed every copy. I have them all collected in my room and read them over and over again. My classmates are just nuts about it too. They borrow it from me all the time.

I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* very much too. I like to read about what other girls think and like in *The AMERICAN GIRL*. There are no girls' magazines over here as good as it is.

I got a few American dresses when I was

NOVEMBER, 1955

over last and everybody over here thinks that they are adorable. I went up in the Empire State Building when I was in New York. That sure was a lot of fun. I also saw Washington, D. C. I went to see the Capitol and the White House too.

We do not have T.V. over here as yet. That is also one thing I enjoyed a lot in the U.S.

I'm very interested in animals. I have a dog, a Lapland type of dog and two parakeets. I'm trying to teach them to talk but they seem to be very uninterested.

This last summer has broken records here in Sweden as well as in the U.S.A. We had no rain for thirty days, and it was in the eighties which is considered hot here.

I have played the piano for three and a half years now, and I like it although at times it seems quite hopeless.

Many, many thanks for a lovely magazine.

Joan Frodi (age 16)

Southwick, Massachusetts: The other day my girl friend and I were talking about *The AMERICAN GIRL*. We were looking through my old copies of *The AMERICAN GIRL* when I noticed an article called *The Music Stand*. I think you should have some more of these articles because girls are even more crazy about popular tunes now, than two years ago.

I think your magazine is super! I like your fiction stories best of all, even though I enjoy every part of the magazine.

I think telling about teen-agers in different countries is a wonderful idea. I like to find out how girls and boys in other countries live.

Holly Ritter (age 13)

Omaha, Nebraska: Thank you again for such a wonderful magazine. I read every issue from cover to cover.

I belong to a Wing Scout troop. This week we took our first plane ride. It was real cool! We just couldn't stay up long enough! It was my first time in the air.

At our first troop meeting we cleaned up a building that has been giving to us to use as a meeting place. Next meeting we are going to paint it. We are sharing it with a Mariner troop. It is on the edge of a lake. It is a very nice place.

Dorene Self (age 14)

Ashland, Kentucky: *The Water Witch* is wonderful. It's so exciting that I just can't be patient from one issue to the next.

I agree with Sharon McGrayne of Maryland, that we should have a series of articles about the publishing of *The AMERICAN GIRL*.

The two-part serial, *The Gyppos*, was really tops.

Thanks a million for a wonderful magazine!

Barbara Hoon

Cumberland, Maryland: Your September cover was so good I just had to write!

I wish you'd have a "Party Ideas Exchange" column, so girls could send in their tried ideas on party games, themes, etc.

Congrats on a truly wonderful magazine!

Nancy Eliert (age 12)

Mexico City, Mexico: I have a lot of fun reading your magazine. I like your fashions. They help me to dress in style.

Teen-Ager Greek Style was an interesting story. *By You* is very nice also. I especially like *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. It is nice to know about other girls in other parts of the world.

My brother liked the jokes, my mother likes *Speaking of Movies* because she likes to go to the movies. My mother and I like *All Over the* THE AMERICAN GIRL

TOPS with TEENS



record round-up! Good game for music lovers! Have your friends bring their records to your next party. Play a little of each record and see who can name the most. The one who wins gets a prize of—records, of course!



diet duet! Solve your figure problems in company! If you're overweight, find a friend who is, too! The same goes if you're underweight. Adopt the same reducing or gaining diet, and do exercises together. See who gets the fastest results.



nifty nighties! Make your own nightshirt! Ask your father or brother for an old cotton or flannelette shirt. Take off the collar, and cut the sleeves to the right length. Decorate the neck, sleeves and hem with fringe, lace, braid or ruffles!

TIPS for TEENS! Send for the new edition of "Growing Up and Liking It," free booklet by the makers of Modess. It explains menstruation; has new pictures, special features on health, beauty, and poise!



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The truth is: your own best friend is... yourself! Because only you can solve special problems that determine your success... problems like *daintiness*, for instance.

You're in your teens now—the most wonderful time of your life. And it's the time when you form habits that will mean so much later. Of course, you bathe daily, shampoo often, manicure carefully and keep your clothes in order. And I do hope you're using New MUM, the doctor's deodorant discovery that's so necessary to good grooming. You see, New MUM—based originally on a doctor's formula—now contains M-3, a special ingredient that **STOPS UNDERARM ODOR 24 HOURS A DAY!**

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So use New MUM. When it comes to deodorants...it's a girl's best friend!



Sincerely,

Susan Frost

Write me for the free booklet **NOW IS THE TIME**. Full of good-grooming tips that every girl ought to know. Write Susan Frost, Dept. AG-115, Bristol-Myers Co., Hillside, New Jersey.



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Map and Scouts to the Rescue because I am a Girl Scout and my mother is our leader. My father liked *The Girl Who Had Everything*. He said it is a good story because you can learn not to buy everything you see at once. Then when you really want to buy something you won't have any money left.

Well, greetings to all other readers of *The AMERICAN GIRL*. Frances Gabelich (age 13)

New York, New York: *A Penny for Your Thoughts* is really (to put it mildly) terrific. It makes us get to know and understand each other better. I realize now that even though girls from Denmark, Japan, etc. are many miles away from us, they have many of the same thoughts and ideas we do here in America. We all really have more in common than we realize. Gini Samuels (age 11)

Le Raincy, France: Though I'm in France, I'm not a French girl but a Vietnamese girl. Last year on this day I was at Viet-Nam with all my loved friends and all things I was accustomed to. It was a great pain for me to leave all the people I knew and loved to go to France to study at the end of September 1954. I'm homesick sometimes but happily I make friends very quickly so that I'm not alone now. I have some American girl friends here and I found them nice too.

I marvel at all stories in *By You* and I wonder sometimes when I will be able to write as well as they do. Some among them are young but they write very well. Sincerely I send compliments to them.

I'm not a Girl Scout but I find *All Over the Map* interesting too. I'm also very glad to have news from all girls of several countries through *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I think American girls are friendly too because I've some pen pals from the United States who are very cute.

All short stories in the magazine are marvelous and your fashions are very beautiful. *The AMERICAN GIRL* magazine is really a lovely magazine!

I want to write more and more to congratulate you but I'm afraid I've made many mistakes in English because I rarely speak it anywhere besides my English lesson at school. Perhaps I'm the first Vietnamese girl who has read your magazine and has written you.

I send you my best wishes, and greetings to all the readers of *The AMERICAN GIRL* magazine. Marcelle Nghia (age 15)

Forest Hills, New York: I only started reading your *AMERICAN GIRL* magazine in the beginning of September. But I have gotten twelve

issues out of the public library from which I have learned a great deal.

I especially liked your story *Mr. Lincoln Lends a Hand* and all stories about Diane Graham. I also liked *Eldest Daughter*. The many stories that I have read I enjoyed immensely. I wish you would keep up the adventures of Diane Graham by Betty Cavanna.

Karen Lesnick (age 12)

Oneonta, New York: I think *The AMERICAN GIRL* magazine is the most wonderful thing that has happened to teen-agers all over the world. I just can't wait until the end of the month rolls around bringing with it *The AMERICAN GIRL*. I read the magazine from cover to cover, and I even read the advertisements.

I believe that the serial *Hits and Horses* by Amelia Elizabeth Walden was simply the best serial yet. I also enjoyed reading *The Wonderful Time* and *Incident on a Train*. I like the *By You* section too, especially the fiction.

I think that your fashions are cute, and I like your articles on beauty but please print more articles on poise and popularity. I especially like *Dear Good Grooming Editor*.

Three cheers for the best magazine I have ever read and keep up the good work.

AMELIA PISCITELLI (age 15)

Beverly, Massachusetts: I want to congratulate you for a very fine and wonderful magazine.

Your September issue of *The AMERICAN GIRL* was especially interesting to me. Since I was fifteen this summer I enjoyed your story *The Wishing Cup*, and since I will be sixteen this coming December I enjoyed the story *Pink Lemonade* very much. All of your stories provide interesting and often helpful reading.

I also enjoy the *By You* section of the magazine, and I want to congratulate Christine Brown on her story "Velvet Tiger." The art award done by Tsuneko Fukushima was also very nice.

A Penny for Your Thoughts is always interesting, and I would like to read more letters from teen-agers outside of America such as the one T. Marcela Flores from Chile wrote. I was especially interested in this letter since I am interested in people all over the world and have pen pals in Denmark, Hawaii, the British West Indies, and South Africa, and all of them are very nice and interesting teen-agers.

Please keep up the beauty articles in your magazine. Thank you for a wonderful magazine!

Nancy A. Chick (age 15)

Please send your letters to *The AMERICAN GIRL*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

The new GOOD LOOKS GUIDE is ready for you

A brand-new edition of *The AMERICAN GIRL Good Looks Guide* is off the press. Here you'll find the answers to dozens of your beauty and good-grooming questions. Presented in handy notebook form, it contains reprints of articles on skin care, make-up tips, hair care, wardrobe hints, figure control, hand care, foot care, and color harmony. For your copy of this Guide, send 25¢ in coin to: Good-Grooming Editor, *The AMERICAN GIRL* Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

Beauty timetable

(Continued from page 24)

my face. After my teeth are brushed, I'm ready to rinse my face and neck, and pat them dry with a Turkish towel."

Then comes *hair*. At this point, Mavis swoops down on her firm-bristled hairbrush and treats her hair to one hundred long, sweeping strokes "that really begin at the scalp and go along to the tip of the strands." She explains, "I'm a fast brusher, so you see, I still have time left for two simple waker-up exercises before breakfast."

"Tell us about them, Mavis."

"Well, the first is the general stretch." She jumped up to demonstrate. "Stand erect; then slowly raising your arms above your head, tummy and buttocks pulled in, you rise on tiptoe."

"Good!"

"The second is the famous touch-your-toes bend. I do each twenty times. Then I'm off to the cats."

"You surely have worked up an appetite. How long does this morning routine take, Mavis—face, teeth, hair, exercise?"

"Just twelve minutes. Twelve minutes of sheer starvation—for I wake up starving!"

After a breakfast of juice, cereal, eggs, toast, and marmalade, plus a glass of milk, Mavis nips back to her room, for a five-minute make-up session. With an eyebrow brush she touches her lashes with vaseline, then her eyebrows—brushing them first up, then out.

"Next, I shake a few drops of a light, astringent-type liquid base on a cotton ball and apply it very thinly over my face and neck. A flick of powder and a speck of clear red lip rouge—and I'm ready to check off my morning routines on the chart."

Beauty before bedtime

Daily beauty care, for Mavis, has its nightly routine, which perhaps is the most important. There's a hot bath—she likes to soak in the tub—with gobs of suds to whirl away worry along with workaday grime. After a tepid rinse, she gives her hands a quick massage with hand lotion, and makes sure to push the cuticle back before drying them.

After the bath she also applies an under-arm deodorant. Because her pores are open, it works more effectively to insure freshness all next day.

Beauty's day ends with another bout of toothbrushing, hair-combing, face-cleansing.

"I give my face a final sudsing and rinsing," she says. "I never, never go to sleep with stale make-up on! Isn't it true that old powder can cause pimples and blackheads?"

"Well," we were cautious, "blackheads and pimples break out primarily on skins which have overactive oil glands. The oil and waste matter emerging from the pores form plugs which turn black in the air. But stale make-up left on too long will aggravate any skin."

Before turning in, Mavis checks her daily schedule to see that there are no blanks. Then, before switching off the light, she marks the number of hours she'll sleep. "If I don't get eight hours one night, I make it up the next one."

Beauty booster

Mavis's beauty book has another page for the weekly beauty routines. They are a powerful booster for the day-by-day schedule. The weeklies include a shampoo, a manicure, a facial, and an eyebrow tweezing.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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"Apart from the miracle it works for my appearance, I find a quiet evening at home just taking care of myself leaves me relaxed and confident," she says. "Before the shampoo, I give my hair a good brushing."

"That's fine," we agreed. "But even better for your hair, which is a bit oily, would be a fluff brushing, Mavis."

"What's that?"

"It just means covering your brush with clean cheesecloth before brushing. It helps remove oils and dirt."

For her weekly facial, Mavis uses cold cream and tissues. No, we did not quite approve. "Cream tends to paste down old cells and scales when applied to oily skin," we told her.

"What should I do, then?"

"Give your face a steam bath. Fill a bowl with very hot water. Bend over the bowl and put a large towel, tent-style, over your head; stay over the steam for ten minutes. Now, if you like, apply an oatmeal-and-water paste to your skin. Wipe off in two minutes, first with a dry washcloth, then with soap and water. Finally, apply a splash of skin freshener, or witch hazel, or a mild astringent."

"Will do," Mavis declared.

Time was running out, but our lovely teenager insisted on just one word about eyebrows. "I hunt out the stray ones," she explained, "but I don't try to give my brows a whole new shape that would change my natural expression."

"Mavis," we asked her, "do you find grooming a lot of work?"

A flicker of a smile passed over the high school senior's face. "Isn't that back where we began?" She cocked her head thoughtfully. "Good grooming is homework, all right. But—it's homework you get to enjoy, because it really shows results!"

"That's what all homework is supposed to do, Mavis."

American Girl patterns

(Front views on page 34)



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Speaking of movies



Lady Godiva — This version of the legendary ride of Lady Godiva makes an entertaining Technicolor picture. Saxon Lord Leofric (George Nader) marries a commoner, Godiva (Maureen O'Hara) who foils a plot of the Norman, Count Eustace (Leslie Bradley). Captured by Eustace, she accepts his challenge, makes the famous ride through Coventry. Inspired by the courage she has shown, the Saxons unite to defeat the Normans. (Univ.-Int'l)

Oklahoma—From the opening scene in which Curly (Gordon MacRae) infuriates Laurey (Shirley Jones) by his last-minute invitation to the box social, this gay musical sustains a lively pace. Filmed in color and Todd-AO, with its wonderful music and dance routines, it is a "don't miss" picture. Others in the cast are Rod Steiger, Gene Nelson, Gloria Grahame, Eddie Albert, James Whitmore, Charlotte Greenwood. (Magnus)



The Bar Sinister — You will enjoy this CinemaScope and color picture adapted from the Richard Harding Davis novel. It is the story, heartwarming and funny, of Wildfire, a bull terrier reared on New York's Bowery, who sets out to find his father. Before he reunites his parents and finds romance himself, he rises to undreamed-of fame. Edmund Gwenn, Dean Jagger, Jeff Richards, Sally Fraser, and Wildfire himself star. (M-G-M)

Three Stripes in the Sun—An American Army veteran of the second World War is assigned to duty in Japan. No one can change the intensity of his feeling against the Japanese. Unwillingly, he becomes involved with children of a poor orphanage and begins to change. Filmed entirely in Japan it is an absorbing story of human relationships. Aldo Ray, Phil Carey, Mitsuko Kimura, and Dick York head the cast. (Columbia)



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Let your Mother be the lazy-bones some Sunday morning, you be the early bird. Set the table first and round up all the good things you're going to serve with the French toast.

Warm the syrup. (Ask Mother how she wants you to do this.) Sift the sugar so it won't have any lumps or, better still, serve it in a big shaker.

When the bacon's crisp, drain it on paper towels and cover with more paper towels to keep it warm.

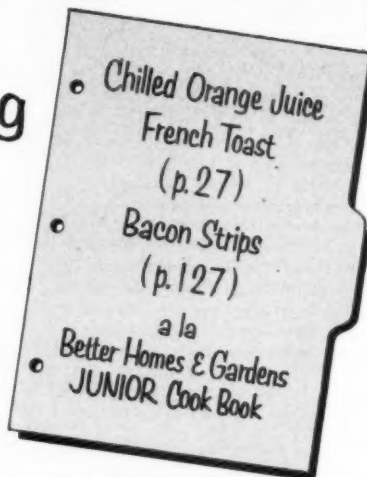
While the toast gets brown and beautiful (in the same skillet you fried the bacon in), your folks would love a cup of coffee to sip, over Sunday's paper.



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Play basketball for fun!

(Continued from page 21)

Betty slipped up on a rule. The referee's whistle blew, and Joyce—Betty's guard—gets to take the ball out-of-bounds on the side lines. We'll probably see quite a few violations during the game, but you'll notice that the girls who know how to avoid the blunders are the girls who are the most popular with the team.

The Jay's just made a basket, so that's two points for them. Now there goes Betty back to the center circle where the referee is throwing her the ball. Betty's going to be careful not to get any violations called on her this time. Notice how she's watching to be sure she stays inside the circle, and I'll bet she doesn't travel with the ball or bounce it to herself either. But she must get rid of the ball within three seconds. There, she passed it to Bev. Now Betty is leaving the circle, and she kept hands off the ball until someone else had touched it. No violations for Betty now!

There's the whistle again. It looks like a "held ball." That means Jane and Bev both grabbed the ball at the same time. They'll jump for the ball now when the referee tosses it between them, but they can't touch it until it reaches its highest point. They mustn't catch it either, or tap it more than twice. Jane tapped the ball to Joan, and now Jane and Bev are heading for their own playing areas — they can't touch the ball until they're back where they belong.

Did you see what Joan did with the ball? She bounced it and then let it bounce a couple of times by itself. Then she batted it again and caught it on the next bounce. That's called a "limited dribble," and it's something pretty new for girls' basketball. Now Joan has to pass the ball to someone else within three seconds. Joan could have bounced the ball or juggled it (tossed it into the air and then caught it) if she'd wanted to. But she knew better than to combine a juggle, dribble, or bounce. That would have been a violation.

The referee's whistle is blowing again. Jean socked the ball with her fist, and that's bad. If she'd handed the ball to somebody, or kicked it, that would have been a violation too. Jean ought to have thrown the ball. So now Jean's guard gets the ball out-of-bounds.

Another whistle, but it's not for a violation this time. It signals the end of the first quarter. There are four quarters in a game, each lasting eight minutes. There is a two-minute interval between quarters, and a ten-minute break at half time.

When the new quarter starts, the ball will be put in play at the center circle, just as it was at the beginning of the game. But this time one of the forwards for the Bee's will get the ball.

Second quarter begins

The girls are rested up now, and the game is going again. Those baskets are really mounting up—the score is ten to eight, and the Bee's are ahead. But wait—there goes the whistle. Bev is holding up her hand. That means the referee has called a foul on her. Fouls are more serious than violations. In fact, five fouls will put a girl out of the game. Bev was "over-guarding." That means she put her hand on the ball after Joyce had hold of it. Now Joyce will get to try for a free throw.

Bev's foul was a "technical foul." That means it didn't involve her touching another player. There are other technical fouls, like snatching or batting the ball out of somebody's hands. Waving fingers in front of an opponent's eyes may sound like a good way of confusing her,

NOVEMBER, 1955

but that's a foul, too, in the eyes of the referee. Another foul is "boxing up"—when two players from one team both guard the same girl so that it becomes impossible for her to pass the ball.

If Bev had forgotten to raise her hand over her head when the foul was called, she'd have been delaying the game, and that's a foul too. Other ways of delaying the game are forgetting to report to the scorekeeper when you're coming into the game or changing position, or leaving the court without official permission. In fact, there are quite a few methods of delaying the game, but since they're all fouls, none of them is recommended if a girl wants to win a permanent position on the team.

Joyce is trying for her free throw for the basket now. If it is good it counts one point for her team. If she had been shooting for a basket when Bev grabbed the ball, she'd be allowed two free throws, providing she'd missed her shot. Otherwise, she'd have gotten only one free throw. Joyce can't hold the ball more than ten seconds—there goes the shot. The free throw was good, and there's another point for the Jay's. No wonder the girls think it's a good idea to avoid making fouls.

Now Joyce gets to take the ball out of bounds opposite the free throw line, and the game is going again. Notice how closely the guards stick to their forwards? They aren't going to miss a chance to get their hands on that ball. And whenever a girl does get the ball, she tries her best to stay out of her opponent's way. You can see that these teams are playing "man to man." That means that each guard is assigned to a certain forward. Some girls' teams are now also trying the "zone" method of playing. In "zone defense" a guard is assigned a certain section of the court, and she guards any forward who happens to come into her area.

We've had more baskets by now — the Jay's are leading nineteen to sixteen. It's a close game, and these girls really know the rules. It's been a long time since the whistle blew, and now the second quarter is over.

Basketball who's who

Let's look over the officials while we're waiting to see the rest of the game. There are a referee, an umpire, two timekeepers, and two scorers. If a team is shorthanded, one timekeeper and scorekeeper are enough, provided they are capable and acceptable to both teams.

You noticed that the referee is the one who puts the ball in play. She's really in charge of the game, and she'll have the last word if anybody gets in an argument over rules or scoring. She also calls fouls, violations, time out, and

generally she manages to keep things running.

The other girl with a whistle is the umpire. She assists the referee in calling fouls, violations, and time out. It's her job to recognize substitutes, warn players, and keep the scorekeepers informed of any decisions she or the referee may make.

After half time

The third quarter has started now. One thing you can't help noticing is what good sports all these players are. It's just more fun to play the game that way. Then, too, unsportsmanlike tactics are a technical foul, and only one exhibition of poor sportsmanship can disqualify a girl from the game if the referee doesn't like her attitude. No wonder you don't hear any grumbling or heckling—it doesn't pay!

Another thing we haven't seen is a personal foul. These are fouls involving personal contact with another player, and five of them land a girl on the bench. Here again, though, a single offense can put a player out of the game if the officials feel it is serious. Generally speaking, any time a player touches another player, somebody is guilty of a personal foul, and the foul is always called on the girl who causes the contact. This rule keeps basketball a safe game to play. The thing to remember is *hands off!*

There goes the whistle again. This time the Bee's have called time out. Belinda (the Bee's captain) had to wait until the ball was dead, and then signal an official to take time out for her team. The Jay's are still ahead, so Belinda probably wants to give her girls a chance to make some baskets. Time out lasts for one minute, and each team is allowed only three such breaks during a game. The referee can call time out any time—in case of injury, for example—and referee's time out can last as long as five minutes.

The ball is back in play now, so let's just relax and watch the game from here on in. If you see anything happen you don't understand, get a copy of "Official Basketball Guide" from your school or public library. It will tell you practically everything you'll want to know about girls' basketball.

But doesn't watching this game make your fingers tingle to get your hands on the ball? Well, then, let's do it. There's an empty court on the other side of the gym. And don't worry too much about the rules—you'll catch on in no time, even if you've never played before. While you're having the time of your life and making one basket after another, there are only three things you've got to remember—be a good sport, keep your eye on the ball, and have fun.



IF YOUR DATE COMES TO DINNER, SHOULD HE HELP WITH THE DISHES?

You can make your own rules about this. If you're going to an 8:30 show, and it's 8:15...what do you think? If Mother excuses you...would you insist?



But...if it's a habit in your house for you to help, there's no reason why your date shouldn't lend a hand. Chances are, he'll prefer the kitchen informality to sitting in the living room, carrying on a starched-collar conversation with Dad.

So now, while you're both in the kitchen, grab the chance to show him what a wise homebody you are. Use tricks like S.O.S. An S.O.S. scouring pad does the dirty work...pots and pans...fast. Because S.O.S. cleans and polishes, both...the soap is right in the pad.



Wasn't that easy? He probably even enjoyed it (with, of course, the help of S.O.S.!)

Tired hands (Continued from page 23)

to the school. One of the women, who had arrived early, showed Karen how to set the tables; after that, she peeled potatoes for three quarters of an hour.

Every morning after that Karen put in two hours at the grade school before her high school classes began. Each day the tables seemed longer. Each day she hated potatoes a little more. There had never been two drearier hours than those on Friday morning.

"I certainly am glad this week is over," she said at the dinner table that night.

"You'll get used to it," Beth encouraged her. I don't want to get used to it, Karen silently retorted.

"And think of the money you're earning!" her father added. "If you keep it up, you'll soon have the dress." Karen thought of the little she had earned and of how much more she had to have. It was discouraging.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

"By the way, Jim said he's going to pick tomorrow. Seven cents a basket."

"Oh."

"What's the matter? Don't you want to pick?" Beth asked.

Karen nodded without enthusiasm. She had been hoping they wouldn't be picking on Saturday. Field work, she thought with dread.

Next morning by seven thirty Karen was out in the field. Mr. Edwards told her which rows to pick and where the baskets were, then went off to direct some of the other help. It was a crisp day, and Karen decided at first that the work wasn't half as hard as setting tables. Although she was not picking very fast, she soon had five baskets.

"How are you doing, Karen?" Mr. Edwards asked, as he passed by.

"Fine."

"Don't forget to put your baskets in a row

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at the end of the block as the rest of them do."

Her heart nearly stopped when she saw the distance she had to carry the baskets. It was difficult walking over the ridges and the roughness of the baskets dug into her arms, for she was not accustomed to their weight and awkwardness. In an hour, she felt that she couldn't carry another basket. Her back ached from bending over and if she knelt, her knees hurt terribly.

When she figured her score, it hardly seemed worth while but she kept on until noontime. As she walked home for dinner, she made up her mind she wasn't going back. Why can't my family see that I need things as well as the old farm? Why can't they give me the things other girls take for granted?

"How many baskets?" her father asked her at dinner.

"Twenty-five."

"That's not very good. You'll have to pick faster this afternoon to make anything," he assured her heartily.

"I'm doing my best."

"Of course you are," her mother sympathized, "but you might as well have as many baskets as you can. It doesn't pay to be slow."

For a moment Karen almost hated them. All of them telling her so lightly what to do, none of them caring that her hands were sore, her back aching, and her legs trembling. All that seemed to matter to them was that she was earning money so they wouldn't have to give it to her.

She got up from the table as soon as she had eaten and headed toward the field. I'll show them, she thought defiantly as she walked up the road.

Her back still hurt all that afternoon, but her legs felt better and she became used to carrying the baskets. Finally, though it had seemed endless, the day was over.

Karen was so tired she could hardly bear the thought of walking home. She sat on a basket at the edge of the field after everyone had left and figured how much she had earned. It came to about four dollars and fifty cents for the peppers and not quite five dollars for setting tables and peeling potatoes.

Five hundred baskets of peppers! she thought, startled. I would have to pick five hundred baskets of peppers to buy that dress. Three weeks of back-breaking work so Bob could be proud of me when I stand in the reception line with him. If he only knew!

She figured it in hours. All those long hours of work for a dress to wear for four or five hours at a dance.

Never before had she realized so keenly that the dollars with which you paid for something represented the work of someone's tired hands and aching back. Tears started to roll down her face and she began to sob. "I can't do it," she moaned, and the realization hurt. "I can't spend this money for a silly dress to wear once or twice."

Slowly she began the walk home. She wondered what her family would say. They would laugh and say they were glad she had finally learned the value of money. Suddenly she understood them! Thirty-five dollars had meant to them aching backs, tired hands, weary feet, hours, baskets, cans of milk. Now she understood that the price was too high.

She looked at the farm and for a moment she understood that a little, too. Maybe the records weren't always good, but they had made progress.

The shiny red tractors standing in the shed proved that. Things like machinery had been meaningless to her in her world of school, books, friends, dresses; but now with an aching back

she understood them a little better. Though the farm was improving, the work was still hard. Tractors, sheds, livestock, equipment, all those green, orange, and red implements that she didn't understand, were important for they had been bought with tired hands and aching backs to make the work easier and the farm more productive. And she had asked for thirty-five dollars—five hundred baskets of peppers—for four hours of fun.

Karen didn't hear the pickup truck until it had stopped beside her. Bob leaned out calling, "What in the world have you been doing?"

Karen's heart almost stopped. She looked down at her dirty overalls, mud-crusted shoes, and stained hands and wondered what she would tell him.

Bob lived nearly six miles away and she had never imagined he might pass her house on a Saturday afternoon.

"I'm walking home," she said evasively.

"Hop in. I'll take you the rest of the way. You sure look a wreck."

"I'm sorry," she said stiffly.

"I didn't mean anything, Karen," he said gently. "What've you been doing?" Karen was silent. "Okay. If you don't want to tell me, you don't have to. I just came from the garage so I thought I'd drive by before I went home."

Suddenly she burst out, "Bob, I can't go to the dance."

"Don't you want to go with me?"

"Yes, yes, I do. Very much. But my folks can't buy me an evening dress and I don't think I can earn enough for one. Even if I could, I'd never feel right spending the money that way. Five hundred baskets of peppers for four or five hours of fun!"

"What's all this about peppers?"

"I've been picking peppers to earn the money. It would take five hundred baskets to buy a dress. And in the mornings I've been working in the grade-school cafeteria. I just can't spend the money on a dress I might wear only once. I can't go to the dance, Bob."

"I agree it's silly to work like that for a dress. I invited you because I like you, not the dress you might be wearing. Wear whatever you have."

"Bob, it's the big dance! We'd have to stand in the receiving line. I can't wear just any old thing—a sweater and skirt or my old Sunday print!"

"I think you can. If you're happy and having a good time, no one is going to look at your dress. Well, here we are."

"Would you like to come in a while?" Karen asked, thinking, Isn't that just like a boy? Little he knows...

"Thanks, but I'd better get this truck home. Be seeing you, Karen."

The family was waiting for her when she entered the house.

"How did you make out?"

"How did it go?"

"How many did you pick?"

She told them.

"That's better," her father conceded.

"You look tired," her mother said. She put her arm around her daughter. "Karen," she said, "we've decided we can help you buy the dress."

"We can't afford thirty-five dollars," Mr. Carter said, "but we can help out a bit."

"You deserve a break, Sis," Dick said. "Maybe you can take it a little easier so you won't be tired for the dance."

"We'll put together and you can have a dress you'll be proud of," Beth assured her. Karen thought quickly that after all Beth hadn't forgotten what it was like to be sixteen.

Slowly Karen shook her head. "It means more to me than anything you've ever done."

she said, her voice wobbling a little with emotion, "but I can't take the money."

"But we want you to have it."

"That's what counts—that you want me to. Beth needs her money for her wedding. Dad and Dick need money for the farm and Mom should have things to make her kitchen work easier. I'm not going to buy the dress. I told Bob this afternoon. A dress isn't worth three more weeks of work like this."

"The next weeks won't be so hard," Dick told her, "because you'll have learned to work and it's easier when you know how. And then you can always save the dress."

"You'll remember that it taught you the value of money," her father said. Karen thought that it was typical of him to talk about the value of money. But somehow she understood and felt differently about it now.

"Karen, I think I know what you mean," Beth said slowly. "You can't spend all those hours of work on a mere dress. But remember that dress I made the last year I was in high school? The organdy one—I wore it to only a few parties. We could fit it to you. Maybe you could buy a couple of those pretty stiff petticoats to go under it. That would make it look like new."

Karen spun around to hug her sister. "Oh, Beth," she said, "you're wonderful. Then I'll save the rest of the money I'll earn between now and then for a coat or something important I really need next winter. I just wouldn't feel right spending it on that foolish dress. I'll call Bob."

"I think Beth's dress is in the cedar chest in the attic. I remember that I wrapped it up carefully," her mother called as Karen raced to the telephone.

On the night of the prom, Karen thought her whole family probably would spring up and appear together at the door when Bob knocked, but Beth went to the door calmly and invited him in.

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Carter. Hi, Dick," Bob said. "Karen, you look beautiful. I thought you weren't going to get a new dress."

Karen beamed at her family. "My folks offered to help me buy one, but we decided to make over Beth's dress. Mom really did most of it. Beth and I only did the hemming and some of the finishing. I bought two new crinolines and these new shoes."

"We're glad you like it, Bob," Beth said.

"She doesn't look like the same girl I saw in the pepper patch," Bob laughed. "I think a girl who can earn money for herself and keep her head about spending it is pretty swell." He tucked Karen's arm in his. "We'd better go," he said. "We have to stand in the reception line, so we have to be early."

Karen turned to say good night to her family. As she looked at the four smiling faces, she thought that she had never seen them look at her with such pride. As she went out the door, she was proud of them, of herself, and of the tired hands and aching back that had brought her this new and mature understanding.

Let's discover America

(Continued from page 19)

colonists followed the ruthless conquistadors into the Southwest, the more peaceable Indians became Christianized. The padres were strong defenders of the natives. Military expeditions were followed by long and perilous journeys of these missionaries, who often endured martyrdom as they sought to teach the Indians and to spread their faith among the tribes.

THE AMERICAN GIRL



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The conquistadors had imported both horses and Andalusian cattle into Mexico. These two newcomers were to have a profound effect on the future of the New World. Soon the horses had multiplied and were roaming in wild herds as far north as Montana. The Indians, who had lacked any such steed, quickly saw its advantage, and became the fast riders of the West.

Black Andalusian cattle were herded up from Mexico by the Spanish padres. The fleet-footed, long-horned bulls, moving into the grasslands, challenged the tenure of the native bison or buffalo. And so the stage was set for the romance and adventure of the vast cattle ranges, of the cowboy with his lasso, and the pioneer rancher who often could lay claim to a hundred thousand head of cattle. The horse was the great tool of the cattle country—well-trained, he responded to the lightest touch of his rider in the difficult feats of calf roping.

With horses and cattle from Spain, a saga of life in the West would someday be written. There would be fierce clashes, perhaps, between cowboys and Indian raiders; songs and fables, tall stories, exploits in which restless, high-spirited danger was silent partner in the saddle. There would be rodeos, in which those star performers—horse and cowboy—would demonstrate their maneuvers. And trains would roll out of the Southwest laden with ranch steers—another sort of gold whereof the conquistadors did not dream.

Of course not all the Spanish gold seekers came to the Southwest. Hernando de Soto and his cavaliers took a route up through present-day Florida, Georgia, Alabama, into South Carolina, seeking treasure, plundering supplies from the Indians, fighting and killing as they went.

One day a young Indian prisoner was brought before de Soto, to whom he told the story of a great princess, sachem over many tribes. The chiefs admired and loved her, he related, and paid her tribute of fine clothing and much gold.

The Spaniards were elated, believing their goal of treasure was at hand. They broke camp and marched northward, until they reached a spot on the bank of the broad Savannah River, opposite a large Indian town—that of the Princess Cofachiqui. The next morning de Soto and his glittering dragons on their magnificent steeds lined up along the shore, while an interpreter shouted loudly across for someone to bear a message.

Soon the Spaniards saw a large canoe with magnificent decorations being hastily made ready with mats and cushions and a raised canopy over one end. A young Indian girl, riding on a litter borne by four braves, was brought down to the riverbank and took her place in the canoe. Eight Indian squaws accompanied her, while men of the tribe took other canoes.

As her women attendants rowed the princess across the river, de Soto had his men set up the two thrones he always carried. With a low bow to the Spanish general, Cofachiqui took her place beside him. She listened calmly to his demands: rafts to transport his army across the river; provisions of corn; tribute of treasure. Then she said: "My people have suffered a great pestilence during the past year and many were unable to plant corn. There is a severe shortage. But I have two storehouses of supplies, collected in all the villages to aid them. If you are in need too, I offer you one of these—and there is a third, at some distance, which you may also have. I can give you rafts, and quarters where your men may rest."

As she spoke, Cofachiqui unwound a long string of pearls that was coiled several times around her neck. Rising, she placed them around the neck of the general. It is reported that de Soto was deeply moved by her friendli-

NOVEMBER, 1955

ness and willingness to share. He offered her a handsome ring from his own finger, and forbade his troops to plunder or kill while they were in her land.

Next day de Soto discovered that the gold and silver of Cofachiqui were only copper and quartz. The princess is said to have sympathized with him, and sought to console him with a large treasure of pearls, which the Indians said they found in mussels in the small creeks and streams. It is believed that Cofachiqui's headquarters were in Barnwell County, South Carolina, where the United States' great H-Bomb project now stands. The spot is only about seventy-five miles from the birthplace of Juliette Low, founder of the Girl Scouts.

In Florida, as in the Southwest, Spanish settlers followed the conquistadors. St. Augustine, Florida, founded in 1565, and Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1605, are the two oldest towns on the soil of the United States.

But the Spanish in Florida never achieved a happy relationship with the Indians, and their colonizing was hampered by many disputes of the Great Powers. The Indians of Florida were hostile—resisting the efforts of the padres and warring among themselves. After Spain ceded Florida to the United States, the Creek or Seminole Indians were subdued and removed to the West, with the exception of a few hundred whose descendants still live in southern Florida.

In the Southwest, the threads of Spanish and Indian tradition are often as closely intermingled as the fibers of the basket weavers. Indian influence that goes all the way back to the pit houses can be read in such Spanish architecture as that of the Cristo Rey church or the Art Gallery of Santa Fe. To Indian ceremonial dances like the Green Corn Dance of Santo Domingo, the Zuni Shalako, the Navaho Fire Dance, have been added beautiful ceremonies on the feast days of the saints. For each Indian pueblo was dedicated to a saint by the missionaries.

The Indians had cherished turquoise for centuries—but it was from the Spaniards they learned to work it into beautiful silver jewelry. Navaho and other native costumes today show a marked Spanish influence. In foods, too, there has been a long and friendly exchange. The tortilla bears a strong resemblance to the thin, flat corn cakes the Indians have cooked on hot stones since very ancient times. Indians today are fond of a bread they make with white flour, after a manner they learned from the Spanish.

On the cattle ranges the jeep is frequently replacing the horse—though, in the words of one cowboy, "It sure gets over the ground—but it's the stupidest thing when it meets a cow!" Yet the ways of a horse and his rider will be preserved for a long time in the great rodeos that every year draw thousands of "dudes" to marvel and applaud.

The story of the Spanish conquistadors and their search for treasure in the New World Castle today seems but a legend. Yet the contributions of the Spanish are an important part of America's heritage. The settlers learned to live with the Indian peoples they found. Together they wove the fabric of a culture already several hundred years old when the waves of pioneers from the East reached their territory. Mutual respect among peoples of different races and traditions—one of the great lessons of the frontier—had put its roots down in Spanish-settled regions long before. (To be continued)

Did you know that an act of kindness by Spanish padres probably changed the history of New England? Read about it in next month's installment of "Let's Discover America."

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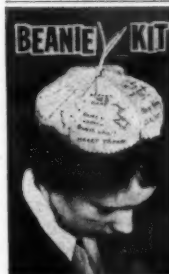
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All over the map

Headline news in Girl Scouting

Wide World



The wife of the Prime Minister of Burma, Mrs. Nu, greets Girl Scouts from the Greater New York Council



Russel Manuel

Rock house built by Troop 56, Newport, Kentucky, contains stones from many parts of North America

☘ **"We're in the air!"** For Wing Scout Troop 6 of Natick, Massachusetts, its first flight was one of the most exciting moments in the girls' years of Scouting. They have enjoyed Scouting together since Brownie days, and Wing Scouting has been one of their most stimulating activities, with many opportunities for fun and service.

The girls had chosen "Jacqueline Cochran" as their troop name, and had the pleasure of meeting the famous woman flier when they visited the Logan Airport in Boston. Later in the year they took off from this field for their first flight, which took them over Boston and their home town.

From experts in different fields of aviation the girls have learned about the operation of scheduled airline flights, radio operation, and the many things which are involved in flying—altitudes, ceiling conditions, wind velocity. On their second trip into the air the girls were taken from the Norwood Airport on a forty-five minute flight over Cape Cod.

As part of their Wing Scout program, the members of Troop 6 have done volunteer service with the Ground Observer Corps, and have received the Ground Observer Corps wings.

☘ **Wing Scouts of Troop 45** of the Steubenville, Ohio, Area Council also have received their wings for their volunteer service with the Ground Observer Corps. These Scouts man their local Observers post every Saturday.

Visits to the Greater Pittsburgh Airport and the Coraopolis Jet Base have helped the girls learn to identify the many different types of aircraft which they must spot and record. For Troop 45 this important community service has been one of the most interesting projects in their Wing Scout program.

☘ **If your troop** is casting about for a good community-service project, don't overlook the possibilities of Library Aide service. Worth while in itself, this can open the door to many interests and opportunities—perhaps even to a career.

Mariners of Troop 22 in Ashland, Wisconsin, have found Library Aide activities a stimulating form of community service. Each of the girls has given thirty hours of service at the Vaughn Public Library, under the supervision of the head librarian. They have shelved books; checked and annotated catalogs; filed catalog cards; lettered books; sorted magazines.

Taking over these routine tasks has been a very real help to the library staff. The girls, in turn, have learned much about library procedures, and have gained a better appreciation of the behind-the-scenes work needed in a library.

☘ **"Girl Scouts build a house of rocks"** is not as fantastic a headline as it may seem. For Troop 56 of Newport, Kentucky, did build a house with their rock collection, and presented it to the science department of the Newport Junior High School.

The members of this troop of the Licking Valley Council became interested in the study of rocks in their science class in school. A visit to the Museum of Natural History in Cincinnati, Ohio, increased that interest, and the girls began collecting rocks as a troop project.

The 75-pound house, which measures 15" x 12" x 12", represents months of troop teamwork and community co-operation. Their troop leader and the Junior-High science teacher guided the girls in their study of rock formations, lent a helping hand occasionally in the troop's planning for the house. Fathers and friends taught the girls construction methods, helped them with advice on building problems and the final assembly.

Local rocks gathered on hiking and camping trips were used for the framework of the house. The troop received a gift of an assortment of unusual and colorful rocks from different areas of North America, and these were used for the decorative trim. A sandpaper yard completed the project.

☘ **Planning is part** of the enjoyment of any trip, and the better the plans, the better the trip. A good many months of planning lay behind Senior and Intermediate Scouts of Troops 41, 18, and 78 from South River, New Jersey (in the New Brunswick Council) when they settled into a chartered bus for a

trip to Girl Scout Camp Rockwood and Washington, D. C.

An article in the March, 1955, Girl Scout Leader, "Plan, Prepare, Proceed," was their guide as they made their preparations. Reservations were arranged for at Rockwood. A bus was chartered, the route and approved stops for rest and meals were arranged with the bus company. Meals were planned, food ordered, kaper charts made up.

There were many discussions on good traveling manners and behavior in public. Clothes, it was agreed, would be simple. Each girl took one small suitcase and a bedroll. At Camp Rockwood



Library Aides of Troop 22, Ashland, Wisconsin check a catalog at their public library

they wore shorts and blouses. On tour they wore their uniforms and hats—and how the girls pressed their uniforms during rest periods, so that they might "walk proudly" as they toured.

The Capital was all they had anticipated. The only drawback was that they could not see everything there was to see, do everything they wanted to do, in their limited time. All promised themselves to come back again.

During the trip the buddy system was used, each Senior being responsible for two Intermediate Scouts. This simplified keeping track of the group, and the younger girls looked to the Seniors for guidance. As a reward for their excellent co-operation the Seniors were given a party on the last night at Rockwood.

The entire group lived at Rockwood, the Seniors in the Carolyn Cottage, the Intermediates in the Manor House. "The accommodations were perfect, everyone was happy and contented, we enjoyed every minute" was their enthusiastic report.

Another group of New Jersey Scouts—Troops 11 and 6 of the Perth Amboy Council—worked and planned for two years for their Washington trip, raising funds by selling cookies.

Thirty-seven girls and adults made the trip by bus. Each person was given a schedule at the beginning of the trip, so that she would know exactly when and what they were going to do. This they found a great help. The group was able to get from place to place quickly; there was a minimum of unnecessary questions; the girls did not worry about being lost.

Highlights of the two-day stay in Washington were riding on the little underground train from the Capitol on the way to lunch in the Senate Office Building; meeting one of the senators from their home State; visiting Mount Vernon and Arlington Cemetery.

The climax was a tour of the White House, arranged by the President's appointment secretary, also from New Jersey. They were shown the President's office, the Cabinet Room, and other rooms not always open to visitors. In the President's office the Scouts were especially interested in a silver tablet lying on his desk.

A number of stones were set in the tablet, each one, the girls were told, marking a milestone in President Eisenhower's life from the time he was graduated from West Point.

As a result of their trip, the girls were awarded their Traveler badges, and fulfilled the requirements for several other badges.

A camping trip to Cumberland Falls State Park, Kentucky, was a Scouting highlight for eight Seniors of the Wake-Johnston-Wilson Area Council. Experienced campers all, the Seniors and three adults left Raleigh, North Carolina, for a five-day trip that would take them through North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Kentucky.

With camping equipment stowed in the cars, they headed for Doughton State Park, where they camped the first night. Next day they ate lunch in Tennessee; visited Cudjo's Cavern in Virginia; rode through the beautiful Cherokee National Forest; and reached Cumberland Falls, Kentucky, in time for a late—and very good—supper.

The third day was a busy one. They hiked to the falls and other places of interest; swam in the clear, cold water; square danced in the evening at the lodge, where they met several other Scout groups. A song and poetry session on a high cliff overlooking the Moonbow Falls ended a wonderful day.

Heading back toward North Carolina the next morning, they stopped at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, for a fascinating two-hour tour of the Atomic Museum. That afternoon, as they drove through the Great Smokies, they had the thrill of having to stop their cars while two mother bears and their fuzzy black cubs leisurely crossed the road.

It was pouring when they arrived in Cherokee, North Carolina, and the superintendent of the Indian School at Soco Gap invited them to spend the night at the school. That evening they went to the mountainside theater to see "Unto These Hills," and found the Indian dances of the play most interesting.

Next morning, after a pancake breakfast cooked over charcoal, they went on a shopping spree at the trading post in Cherokee and visited the Oconaluftee Indian village and museum. Asheville and a tour of Biltmore House was next, and then the long ride home, to tell everyone about a trip they will never forget.

When Mrs. Nu, wife of the Prime Minister of Burma, was in New York City recently, Girl Scouts of the Greater New York Council were invited to meet her. Mrs. Nu is the Honorary President of the Union of Burma Girl Guides Association.

Two Manhattan Scouts presented flowers to Mrs. Nu, and gave her an inscribed greeting from the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. to the Union of Burma Girl Guides. Mrs. Nu promised to deliver the greeting, which was enclosed in an attractive leather case, when she returned to Burma.

Among those at the presentation was Daw Soe Myint ("Daw" is the Burmese word for "Miss") a board member of the Union of Burma Girl Guides. Daw Soe Myint spent several months in this country, observing Girl Scouting and taking training. She also visited the Girl Scouts of the Philippines, and British, Swiss, and Hellenic Girl Guides. The daughter of Prime Minister and Mrs. Nu was a member of Daw Soe Myint's Girl Guide troop, and when she was married, Daw Soe Myint and the entire troop were invited to the wedding.

All in all, the New York Scouts thought it a most enjoyable international gathering.

Send your Scout news to "All Over the Map." This is the Scouts' own department, through which they exchange news and ideas with Girl Guides and Scouts around the world. Send photographs, too—clear black-and-white prints, 4" x 5" or larger, in good focus. Pictures that show Girl Scouts "in action" rather than stiffly posed, are the most interesting.

By Goldie McGirt

Adventures in service

*Girl Scouts all over the United States are learning
that the first rule of good citizenship
is to find ways to be useful to their fellow Americans*

When the circus came to Newburyport, Massachusetts, the baby elephant was missing, and so were the high-wire performers. But the clowns and tumblers and the puppet performers were side-splitting. The Himalayan snake charmer (local grass snake imitating a cobra) caused dire tremors in the spectators. And the quantities of popcorn, hot dogs, soda pop, and candy consumed trebled the gypsy fortune teller's predictions.

It was all part of a subterranean plot to extract local shekels from their hiding places. The girls of Scout Troop 3 had heard about the children who had had polio and were in a special camp. "We've just got to do something for them!" they decided.

A camp library was the thing most needed. The troop discussed the issue in their Court of Honor, convinced the vestrymen of the church where they met that the vestry hall resembled the "big top"; and sprinkled the streets of the town with nearly a thousand advertising fliers (printed for them obligingly by the Girl Scout Council of Merrimac Valley). By that time, only the most hardened hermits around Newburyport hadn't heard that the circus was coming. Result: a traffic jam when the big top opened its flaps—well—doors!

By that time, a lot of would-be circus hands were in on the deal. The Boy Scout who had kindly contributed the "cobra" had rounded up his friends to help. Big Brothers—prominent business men—had leaped to the opportunity to double as ringmasters for a day. And, as side-show barkers cracked their larynxes,

everybody's assets (that's money, you know) became so liquid that they just poured into the polio-camp pot.

That sort of community service activity is by no means unique with Newburyport's Troop 3. You could duplicate the story in some form or other almost anywhere Girl Scout troops meet—and that's just about everywhere in the U.S.A.! For the fact is that Scouts take very seriously the second part of their Promise—"to help other people at all times." It's a promise that keeps widening—from family friends to the whole community—until those who make the Promise become deeply conscious of their responsibilities as citizens.

The process starts early—with the youngest Brownies. In Racine, Wisconsin, a Brownie troop was pleased when it got an invitation from the Community Chest to help count feathers for the coming "Red Feather" campaign. But the Brownies, wisely enough, insisted they must know what the whole thing was about, before they contributed their services. They spent a meeting hearing about and discussing the various organizations in the city of Racine that received Community Chest support. So—the money raised in the campaign would find its way to all sorts of people in need—mothers and babies, sick people, old people—the list was long. It must take a lot of money to accomplish so much, the Brownies thought. Counting feathers might not be their whole share. They voted to raise money for a donation and to earn it themselves. Each girl thought of something she could do: bake a

Scouts at Fort Benning, Georgia, learn to be hospital aides by practice on a dummy; others mend children's toys

U. S. Army photo



cake and sell it; run errands for neighbors. The Brownies' donation not only helped financially—it set the pace of enthusiasm for the adults in the Red Feather campaign. It set an example that helped put the campaign over the top.

In Clark's Summit, Pennsylvania, it wasn't the needs of the whole community, but rather those of a single individual, which won the attention of Troop 80. Their leader had brought along to their meeting a newspaper article about a little boy named Billy. The clipping included his picture and the story of how, as the result of a serious hip injury, he must lie in a plaster cast for six months to a year—before he could even advance to the stage of a wheel chair.

"But—how awful!" the girls exclaimed. "What do you do—how do you have any fun at all—just lying there like that in a cast?"

Then and there, they declared war on Billy's boredom, and a fine war it was. Just imagine Billy's delight when the troop marched in with a "Sunshine Box," beautifully decorated and filled with all manner of separately wrapped "surprises"—games, books, candy, molding powder, and molds. Of course, he didn't fully explore the Sunshine Box that day, because each surprise package bore the date on which he was supposed to open it.

At the very next troop meeting the girls decided if Billy was to be in bed so long, what he needed was a bedside table. They investigated the cost, which turned out to be fairly steep. But that was no great obstacle. They asked other troops to join in the enterprise. Result: Billy received the table as his Christmas gift from the Scouts. And on this and other holidays he had many little remembrance cards—birthday cards, Valentines, Easter cards. In between times, there were letters—Billy always answered them.

Billy didn't have time to feel bored or unhappy. His high spirits really aided his recovery, as courage and high spirits always do. The day came when he learned to walk again—and to walk without crutches.

Perhaps the reverse of the group of Girl Scouts helping one individual is the individual Girl Scout making her contribution through service to a group. It happened in the case of one Senior Girl Scout who for two whole years took on the tedious and boring task of running a hospital mimeographing machine.

Naturally, Senior Girl Scouts are able, because of their special training, to offer service involving greater responsibilities. In Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, they acted as craft instructors on the local playgrounds, and as Program Aides, helping the leaders of Brownie and Intermediate troops.

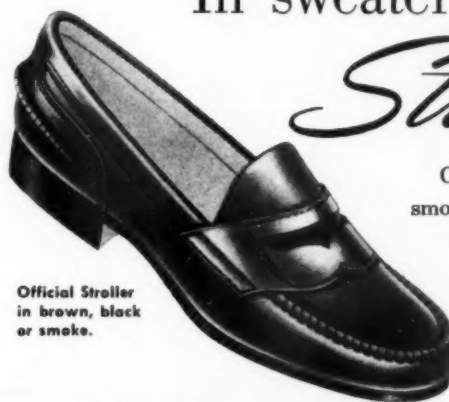
In an article in "New Horizons," Mrs. Irma D. Cooke, Superintendent of Education at the Santa Barbara, California, Museum of Natural History, described how Seniors are proving valuable as Museum Aides. The girls had first become interested in serving the museum after they had participated in its Junior High Nature Club in their school. They asked the museum to schedule them for a set number of hours of work each week. Sometimes they are paid for an afternoon's or a Saturday morning's work, but in that case, the money goes into a group fund for the annual field trip that is required of Seniors.

Some of the girls sign up to help with the younger children who visit the museum to see its nature movies. Some work in the museum library; others clean animal cages; still others prepare posters and exhibits. Such service is a two-way street. The girls are learning something about plant and animal life; finding out whether they would like to make a career in the museum field; whether they can work well with younger

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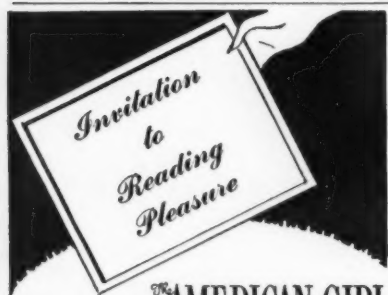


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people. Secondly, as Mrs. Cook says, "they are learning to become good citizens and conservationists of the future."

Good community service often depends on good preparation. In Lowell, Massachusetts, Girl Scouts attended a course of eight lessons in baby-sitting. The course was sponsored by the Women's Clubs of Lowell, and the girls who completed it had a graduation ceremony and were handed a certificate. Girl Scout baby sitters help at P.T.A. meetings, at the polls on election days, at training courses for Girl Scout leaders who often must bring small children along, and during city-wide X-ray campaigns.

In many parts of the country, Girl Scout preparation for service includes the sort of thing that would be useful in a major emergency that might affect many in the community. Such training has frequently paid off, too, in a big way. For instance, in El Dorado, Kansas, Scouts worked with the Red Cross during a flood disaster—distributing warning pamphlets about the water supply; helping solicit, sort, and give out clothing; running errands; assisting in operating the canteen and in caring for children.

Girl Scouts of Sioux City, Iowa, responded to an emergency call which came during the summer when several troops were not meeting. They helped collect household utensils, foods, and toys for children in stricken areas. Some troops "adopted" families for as long as a year.

Events of special interest to children offer many opportunities for Girl Scouts to serve their communities. During Children's Book Week in November, troops of Henderson, North Carolina, worked at the city library—helping with the programs for younger children, dramatizing stories, telling stories, or reading them at the story hour. They presented "Girl Scout Handbooks" to the library and designed and decorated a local store window highlighting Book Week activities.

A good citizen has been described as one who develops her talents and skills in order to be better prepared to serve her family, her community, and her country. Many communities find they are better places because Girl Scouts carry this principle into action. And the girls themselves find that "helping other people at all times" is one of the happiest adventures in Scouting.

Cooking with Judy

(Continued from page 33)

recipes they had chosen. "I'm sure the girls who sent them will be delighted to receive the five dollars we are paying for each recipe used this month. For our next session with readers' recipes we will choose from those received after the June issue. We have ever so many excellent ones for the foods we talked about in July and subsequent issues."

"We aren't asking readers to send recipes this month, though," Judy reminded.

"No, but next month we will ask for them, and tell our readers the kind of recipes we want."

"Say—next month means Christmas!"

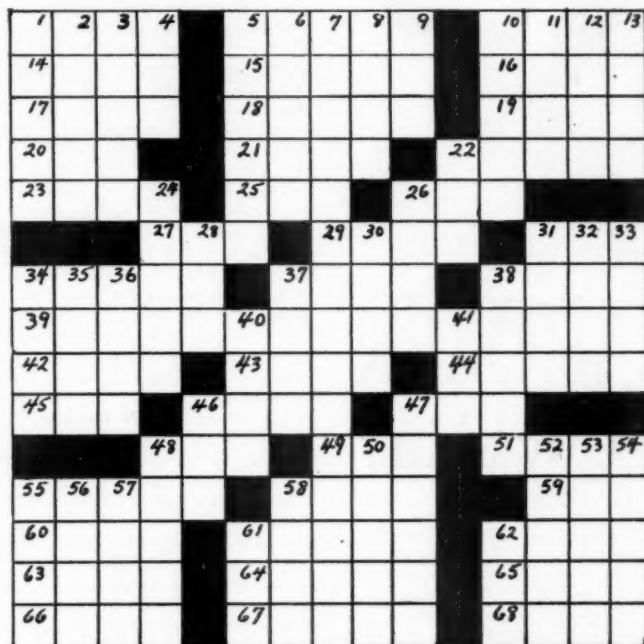
"Right you are. And in December you and I are going to be busy making all kinds of good things, to serve at home and to give as holiday gifts."

"That's a grand idea—to eat and to give," said Judy. "I'd like some recipes for things to give a couple of extra-special relatives on my list. I won't be seeing you until December," she told Miss Sanderson, "so have a very happy Thanksgiving!"

"The same to you, Judy," Miss Sanderson answered, "and to all our readers, too."

Crossword puzzle

By Dr. Harry Langman



Across

1. Masticate
5. This day
10. A stack (as of hay)
14. Actor's part
15. Old-womanish
16. Dark-colored
17. Eager
18. Past participle of rise
19. Heap
20. Encountered
21. Tiny opening of skin
22. To stick in place
23. An appeal
25. A unit
26. A bird
27. Lair
29. Exhibit
31. Price offered (as at a sale)
34. To control the course of (as a car)
37. A blot
38. Otherwise
39. Widely inclusive (adverbial form)
42. A single thing or group
43. Small, spotted cubes used in games
44. Swellings
45. A favorite
46. Aromatic plant

Down

47. Writing fluid
48. Make lace
49. Merriment
51. Reverberation
55. Tale
58. Borough
59. To soak
60. Possess
61. To bend outward
62. Declaim excitedly
63. Not closed
64. Money paid to bind a bargain
65. At one time
66. To be undecided (as of a decision)
67. Romantic meeting
68. Ruminant with antlers
11. Heron-like bird
12. Young horse
13. Leg joint
22. Animal's foot
24. Skilled
26. Makes brief notes
28. Make a mistake
30. To sharpen (as a razor)
31. Shed blood
32. Small island
33. Algerian governors
34. A food fish
35. Musical sound
36. Give forth
37. Front of leg below knee
38. Call forth
40. Revise
41. Hostel
46. Be permitted to
47. Take in for digestion
48. Tendency
50. Presses forward
52. Wading bird
53. Therefore
54. Aquatic mammal
55. A store
56. Cloth band
57. Part of stove
58. Prickly nut covering
61. Used by ball players
62. A slender bar

For solution turn to page 66

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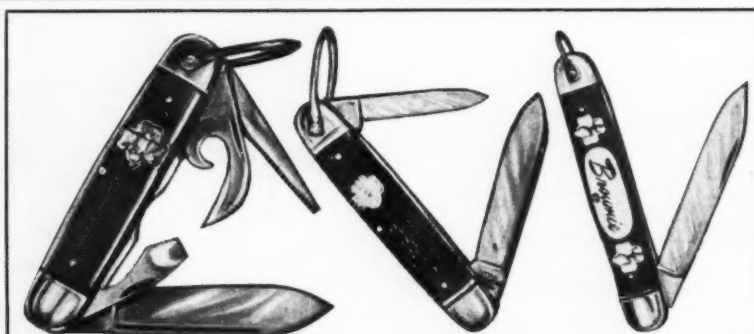
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Books

(Continued from page 3)

Showboat Summer. By ROSAMOND DU JARDIN. J. B. Lippincott Company, \$2.50. Whether you followed "Double Date" as a serial in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* or read about it in the enthusiastic letters on our "Penny for Your Thoughts" page, you can hardly be a reader of this magazine and not know Pam and Penny, the popular twins of "Double Date" and "Double Feature." Now they are enrolled in a unique summer course in dramatics for which there are no classrooms, no textbooks. Instead the students live together on an old-time showboat, putting on old-fashioned melodramas and doing vaudeville turns at the river towns where the boat is moored. Pam wants to act and dreams of winning a big part in one of the productions before the summer is over. To Penny, although she is no less enthralled by the romance and color, it means being near Mike, who has a summer job running the "dink" that pushes the boat. Pam misses Jeff Moore, the boy from a farm she dated at college, but she looks forward eagerly to new friends and gay times. Living in such close quarters, sharing the work and excitement of "putting on the show," the young people need to get on well together. But when Pam, a quick study, is given the leading part which had been assigned to the beautiful, arrogant Geneva in the first performance, she makes an enemy. Geneva's resentment grows when handsome Alan Richmond, whom she has dated, is attentive to Pam. Pam, who has been slowly growing up through the three books, handles the dramatic flare-up which threatens to wreck the whole project in a surprisingly mature manner. Her action turns Geneva into a friend and saves a big moment for Mike and Penny. When it is all over, Pam knows for sure how she feels about Jeff and the life of a farmer's wife. Did you know there is a Midwestern college which conducts just such a summer course in dramatics on a real showboat cruising down the Ohio? Mrs. du Jardin has based her entertaining story on this authentic background material.

Peddler's Crew. By KATHRENE PINKERTON. Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$3.00. For three years, seventeen-year-old Royal Browne had been acting as mate, keeping house — and tending store! — on the yacht *Argosy*, weaving its way up and down the rugged, beautiful bays and inlets along the mountainous shore of British Columbia. To Royal, who had grown up in a shifting, uncertain environment of dingy hotels, day coaches, theatrical board-houses and dressing rooms of small-town theaters, the *Argosy* had represented a settled future for the family, a permanent home after years of being nomads. Royal's mother was dead and, in 1922, her actor father, Danforth Browne, now affectionately known up and down the coast as Captain Dan, had bought the sixty-five-foot, soundly built, but aging *Argosy* with a small legacy which had fortunately come to him when his company was stranded in Vancouver. That his only encounter with salt water had been on an ocean liner and that neither he, Royal, nor her younger brother Wally had ever operated even a rowboat disturbed none of them. Captain Dan's customers eagerly awaited the wares his peddler's boat brought from Seattle and Vancouver, and held their breath as he blithely sailed over submerged rocks and through tricky passages. Royal enjoyed her life as sea-going housekeeper and shopkeeper, though lately she had been worried. The *Argosy* was growing old and



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infirm; what of her future and Wally's? A gifted mechanic on a floating machine shop, *The Willing Slave*, helped the Danforths out of serious trouble and took Wally under his wing; then old friends of her father's on a showboat tour offered her an opportunity for a stage career. Royal was faced with a big decision. Was her future, like Wally's, here in this land she had grown to love, or back in the States in the theater that had meant so much to her parents? Wonderful characters, handled with humor and skill, and a vivid and unusual background which the author has known firsthand for years, make this an exceptionally good novel.

Teen-Age Glamor. By ADAH BROADBENT. Doubleday & Company, \$2.00. Do you remember Maggie's speech about charm in James Barrie's play, "What Every Woman Knows"? You don't need perfect features or the proportions of Miss America, if you have the magic of charm. It's a magic that can be acquired by any woman, if she wants it seriously enough to seek proper guidance and follow it faithfully. The author of this book, a shining example of all she preaches, is an art teacher who uses her knowledge of line and color in her lectures and in a high school course, in which she helps girls "make themselves over." She knows your problems and what to do about them: How to highlight your best features and hide poor ones. What to do about curves that are too ample or not rounded enough. What are your most becoming colors and how to use them effectively. What to do with a clever use of line. How to appear poised and well-groomed and on time for school without devastating hustle and confusion in the morning. Though "teen-age" appears in the title, the appeal of the book is ageless; your mother, grandmother, and big sister will probably borrow your copy. The gay line drawings by Magi add to the attractive appearance of the book.

The Long Way Around. By ESTHER ELISABETH CARLSON. Rinehart & Company, \$2.75. Enid Emery knew as much about sports as her young brother Rick, yet the ease with boys and the social poise of her popular sister Eleanor were something she envied but never hoped to attain. College, she thought, would only be a repetition of high school. She would be a scholastic success but a social failure, and she dreaded it. When her summer job in the office of the superintendent of the school department turned into a permanent one, she won her parents' consent to try working for a year. A becoming new lipstick and a new haircut greatly improved her outward appearance, but to change the inner Enid was a different matter. She had to work at it and she went about it with intelligence and determination, but it took almost her whole year of grace. Her work brought her into contact with the handsome new athletics coach, whose attentions set her heart aflutter, and his assistant, a Harvard sophomore who quickly became a friend. It also involved her in an unpleasant situation in connection with high school sports. At the end of the year, Enid had become a person and she knew what she wanted. Miss Carlson, author of "Milestone," is secretary to the superintendent of schools in her home town, so her knowledge of this background is intimate. Girls who feel they need aid in developing well-rounded personalities should find this, her second novel, not only entertaining but encouraging and helpful.

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By You

(Continued from page 29)

the field mechanics, the roar of airliners, hurrying on their missions to faraway places, the people coming and going all the time, and most of all men and women who love their work, going to and fro on errands to make air travel safe and comfortable. I am an airline hostess.

My world is a mixture of ringing telephones and clicking typewriters, of the slam of file drawers and the sound of dictation from the boss in his luxurious office. My world gives work to many people from the boss to the janitor. I am a secretary.

My world is a world of jump ropes and kittens, of rubber balls and teasing, horrible boys, of pretty, dainty pink party dresses and mud pies. My world is light and carefree. Mine is best of all. I am a child.

Carol Lew Simons (age 12) Glen Ellyn, Illinois

Poetry award Silhouette

Most trees I see
Have still a few leaves
Dangling from dull brown branches.
But there is one tree,
A magic tree,
Standing barren on the very top
Of a high hill.
The sky behind it
Is brilliant with the glow
Of a setting sun.
The magic tree stands there
In clear, black relief
Against a golden ceiling,
Every limb showing clearly,
Reaching, straining upward,
Trying to hold the ball of fire,
Trying to keep the splendor of the sunset
Forever.
But the sun slips from the tree's grasp,
Floats to the horizon,
And the tree stands there,
Still reaching upward,
Empty...

Black...
Silhouette.

Naomi Ruth Schwiesow (age 13) Mission, Kan.

Fiction award A race

The jack rabbit was gone in an instant, but the damage had been done. Jill's horse, frightened by the rabbit, went into a series of strange contortions. The next thing I knew, Jill was flying through the air, and the horse was off down the trail. I jumped from my horse and ran to the place where Jill had fallen. She lay very still. I called to her, "Jill, Jill, are you all right?" There was no answer. Was she dead? For a moment panic seized me. What would I do? What could I do? Then I held my hand over her nose. She was breathing, but how shallow and irregular it seemed. She was alive. Now what should I do next? I tried desperately to remember my first aid. It was all written on the first page of my notebook. "Keep onlookers away." Oh, why can't I think? Should I move her from this rocky ground to a softer place? No, I remember now. "Don't move the patient. Keep her warm." I untied my jacket from behind my saddle and spread it over her. There was nothing more I could do. I must get a doctor.

I mounted my horse, and started off at a gallop. I knew that there was a doctor at the ranch where I was staying. The ranch was about three miles away. I had only a short way to go before I reached a dirt road, and then the going would

be easy. I was soon on the road. I let the horse go, and he broke into a dead run. This could be a race with death, I thought. I was going faster than I ever had before, but I didn't think of the thrill of racing over the road, with the wind whizzing by, and the road a blur beneath me. I could only think of Jill, and I wished the horse would go faster. I spoke to him, encouraging him, "Come on boy, faster boy," but he could go no faster. Already sweat was darkening his bay coat. I had some fear that the horse would get out of control, but I pushed it aside. If I kept him straight on the road, nothing could happen, and his speed could mean a great deal to Jill and her family. I knew that ahead was the gate to the ranch. Even before I could see it, I began to slow down. We reached the gate at a trot. I jumped off. I tugged at the wire encircling the gatepost. Who on earth invented such a crazy gate? At last it was open. I dashed up to the house. "Jill's hurt," I yelled, "hurry!" In just a short time, a stretcher was put in the back of a jeep truck, and we were headed down the road. The trip back seemed much shorter than the one coming. Perhaps one reason was that I was talking with someone and not noticing each tree as it went by. It wasn't long before we came to the place at which you leave the road. Then we ran, stumbling over sagebrush and rocks. The stretcher was a great hindrance. Finally we saw her. She hadn't moved. The doctor reached her first and bent over her. He was an awfully long time. Then he looked up, and I shuddered, for I realized that death had won this race.

Nancy Birge (age 14) St. Louis, Missouri

Poetry award *Gems*

Diamonds are hard, harder than rock,
and make your watch go tick, tock.
Emeralds are green, green as grass,
and crystal's a certain kind of glass.
Rubies are red, sapphires blue,
but those are not for me and you.
We have stars to perfect our night
and the sky's as blue as the sapphire bright.
Roses are rubies, emeralds are grass,
and a crystal pond is our looking glass.
Julie Vinograd (age 11) San Marino, California

Nonfiction award *Always ready*

As I raced into the boatyard of the Yacht Club, I was as excited as a baby with a brand-new toy. She was here at last and she was mine! The object of my excitement, sitting on a new trailer in the middle of the boat ramp, while her mast and boom were rigged and her stays and shrouds were fitted into the deck, was a trim little Comet with an apple-green deck, white sides, and bronze-and-green boot-top lines.

To me she was the most wonderful boat there ever was. But, best of all, was her name — *Otetiani*, meaning "Always Ready," and when pronounced correctly is like cool clear water. The *Otetiani* was given her name as a tribute to Red Jacket, the famous Indian orator, and my grandfather, whose Indian name was Red Jacket.

After a while the steely gray clouds, which had dominated the sky earlier, parted and a soothing breeze began to move the telltales on the boats.

Out of the car came the sail bag, and after the *Otetiani* had been lowered to the water by the lift and moored to a nearby dock, I began to put up the sails with increasing excitement. Rudder and tiller on, centerboard down, outhaul tight, downhaul tight, main and jib sheets loose, and up went the sails. While tightening the halyards and making ready to cast off, I reflected briefly

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on my years in sailing class and on the fun and experience I had had. As I backed the jib, the *Otetiani* moved away from the dock and with her telltales fluttering gaily in the breeze she glided on her way.

As she headed out of the bay toward the cool azure waters of the lake with a gentle south wind sweeping over her port side, the sun came from under the clouds as if it was a good omen. Then watching her sleek bow dipping and slicing smoothly with the waves, I thought how through hard work and experience I'd sail her honestly and well in racing and in fun, and she'd be "Always Ready."

Fay Fairfax (age 15) Geneva, New York

Poetry award

Autumn

*Slim branches quiver slightly,
And a moving pattern
Of red and gold
Falls to the ground,
Covering the forest floor
With a carpet
No man can make.*

Ellen Alexander (age 12) Huntington Woods, Mich.

Fiction award

The destination

Gynny didn't know exactly what it was. All she knew was that while ordinarily she would have been exhausted long ago, now some inner force was pushing her along—making her run faster, harder, faster, faster, harder... She remembered vaguely something in science class called "adrenalin"—extra strength when you are angry or afraid. That must be it.

As she hurried on, Gynny fancied eyes upon her... staring eyes, speaking almost as clearly as the tongue—"... crazy girl! Running as if the world's safety depended upon it!" She could hear their jeering, derisive laughter—almost read the thoughts behind them.

Gynny neared the destination and slowed down, but as she did so the voice of the adrenalin said sharply, "Don't stop now! You haven't gotten there yet!" And the unseen hand pushed her along more swiftly than before. I can't quite remember how or when I started running, Gynny reflected, but somehow... Oh, yes! Now I know...

Glancing up, the girl saw by the clock on a faraway tower that the fateful hour was drawing near. The adrenalin, with its brother will power, redoubled Gynny's speed.

Ah, now she could see it plainly! She came nearer... nearer... nearer... she was almost there... one more second...

Gynny stopped, suddenly calmed. She had reached the destination, but that was all.

She had missed the bus!

Linda Johnson (age 11) Ann Arbor, Michigan

Honorable mention

Photography: Christine Erikson (age 13) Hamilton, Montana. Claudia Marie Higgins (age 13) Reading, Massachusetts.

Poetry: Christine Condit (age 15) Yonkers, New York. Jeannette Wells (age 16) Dallas, Texas.

Fiction: Mary Jo Clemens (age 13) Portage, Wisconsin. Isabel Lovejoy (age 15) Berkeley, California. Alice Maw (age 14) Belgian Congo, Africa.

Nonfiction: Susan Bussey (age 13) Phillips, Wisconsin. Ann Earl (age 16) Middlesex, England. Frankie Ann Heber (age 16) St. Augustine, Florida.

For By You rules see page 66

Jokes

Important notice: All jokes must be written in ink or typed on two-cent postal cards—no more than two on a card. Address cards to AMERICAN GIRL, Jokes Dept., 155 E. 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Give your name, full address, and age. The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00 for each joke printed.

Inscription over grave of an army mule

"In the lifetime of Maggie she kicked the following: two generals, five colonels, twelve majors, forty-two lieutenants, seventy-two sergeants, five hundred and forty-two privates, and one bomb."

Faye Bellamy, Clarksville, Tennessee

That makes the difference

Teacher: If your mother gave you two apples and told you to give one to your brother, would you give him the big apple or the little apple?

Danny: Do you mean my little brother or my big brother?

Florence Obie, Roseman, Montana

Is he lucky?

Carol: Do you like cauliflower?

Bob: No, and I'm glad I don't. Because if I did, I'd eat it, and I hate it.

Margo Millavec, Euclid, Ohio

Down to earth

There's nothing like the first horseback ride to make a person feel better off.

Theil Baumann, Ames, Iowa

Etiquette explained

Len: What does R.S.V.P. mean on this invitation?

Phil: Rush in, Shake hands, Vanish Promptly. Ellen Andreyev, Binghamton, N. Y.

Assist

Marge: How can the letter B help a narrow road?

Milly: I know—make it broad.

Penny Nielson, Carmel, California

Logical question

Kenny: The trouble with you is, you're always wishing for something you haven't got.

Beth: What else can I wish for?

Royce Redbord, Woodmere, N. Y.

Getting to the point

Jack: Dad, may I borrow your blue tie?

Father: Why don't you wear your own tie?

Jack: Well, yours looks better with your blue shirt.

Father: Who said you could wear my new blue shirt?

Jack: But, Dad, you wouldn't want me to wear your new suit with just any old shirt and tie, would you?

Beverly Sargent, Sheldon Junction, Pa.

No rock and roll

He: If you will marry me, I'll promise to make you the happiest woman in forty-eight States.

She: No, thanks. None of that trailer life for me.

Annette Flemer, Monaca, Iowa

Definition of quadruplets

Four crying out loud!

Nancy Simon, Saratoga, California

So there!

A fat man and a very thin man collided on the street, to the annoyance of both.

The fat man looked at the thin man and sneered. "From the looks of you, there's been a famine around here."

"From the looks of you," retorted the thin man, "you caused it."

Rhoda Whitney, Springfield, Vt.



"But, Mother—I thought this was the dress!"

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| 4. Jack & Jill | 15. 3 Blind Mice | 26. Patty Cake, Patty Cake |
| 5. Pease Porridge Hot | 16. Mary Had a Lamb | 27. Giddy Up |
| 6. Where Has My Little Dog Gone | 17. Skip to My Lou | 28. O' Chisholm Trail |
| 7. Humpty Dumpty | 18. Row Your Boat | 29. Rock-A-Bye Baby |
| 8. London Bridge | 19. Tom Tom the Piper's Son | 30. Rock-A-Bye Baby |
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| 5. Tina Marie | 15. Ain't That a Shame |
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| 5. Silent Night | 15. You're All I Want for Christmas |
| 6. Adeste Fideles | 16. Silver Bells |
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| 8. Happy Holiday | 18. Christmas Island |
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| 4. Blue Darling | 13. In The Jailhouse Now |
| 5. Poison in Your Heart | 14. Making Believe |
| 6. I Don't Care | 15. That's All Right |
| 7. That's What Makes the Juke Box Play | 16. Would You Mind |
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Rules for BY YOU Entries

Have you sent an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Only original material, never before published, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7".

WARNING: Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" x 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

Rules

- Entries for the March, 1956, issue must be mailed on or before December 1, 1955. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.
- On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian: "I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

- Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.
- Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.
- All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. The AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

Awards

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Answer to the Crossword Puzzle on page 59

CHEW	TODAY	RICK
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AVID	RISEN	PILE
MET	PORE	PASTE
PLEA	ONE	JAY
	DEN	SHOW
STEER	SPOT	ELSE
COMPREHENSIVELY		
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1. Send us the name and recipe of your favorite "Molasses Magic" dish which uses Brer Rabbit molasses as a basic flavoring ingredient. Each recipe must fall into one of five classes: Class 1—Cookies, pies, cakes; Class 2—Gingerbreads, muffins, quick breads; Class 3—Direct use; Class 4—Main dishes, vegetables; Class 5—Candies, popcorn.

2. Send your entry, along with your name and address and a label (or reasonable facsimile) from one Brer Rabbit bottle, to "Molasses Magic" contest, P.O. Box 289, New York 46, N.Y. Be sure it is postmarked not later than Dec. 15, 1955, and that it will be received by the judges not later than Dec. 31, 1955. Submit as many entries as you wish, in any or all five classes, each one accompanied by Brer Rabbit label. Entries must be the work of the contestant and submitted in your own name. Write recipe on your own paper, using one side only, and attach to entry blank below. Get extra blanks at your grocer's. Use separate envelopes for each entry.

3. The contest is open to anyone in the United States except employees of the following organizations and members of their immediate families: Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., its advertising agencies, The Reuben H. Donnelley Corp., chefs and professional home economists in the commercial field. Contest is subject to all local and state regulations.

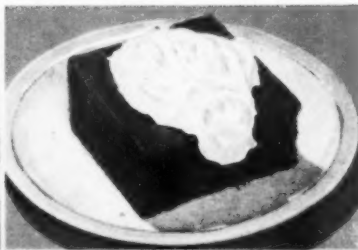
4. Judging for the contest will be on the basis of soundness, practicability, appearance and appetite appeal of the recipe, and the originality of the recipe name. Decisions of the judges, The Reuben H. Donnelley Corp., will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in event of ties. All entries, recipes and recipe names become the property of Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., to use, edit or alter for later publication as it sees fit. Prizes will be awarded as soon as possible after judging is completed, either by person or mail. Names and addresses of prize winners will be furnished on request, after January 21, 1956. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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CLASS 4 • MAIN DISHES, VEGETABLES



CLASS 5 • CANDIES, POPCORN



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"MOLASSES MAGIC" CONTEST

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